

Children's Newspaper, November 23, 1929

The C.N. at Any House
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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 557

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE OLD YOUNG MAN OF 93

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SILLY BILLY AT NIAGARA

A LITTLE SPANIEL TAKES A BATH

**Remarkable Adventure on the
Brink of the Great Whirlpool**

TWO HEROES AND A DOG

One day a dog went for a swim just above Niagara Falls. How like a dog! He always believes that Man will be able to save him if need be.

Man, who removes thorns, mends broken legs, and takes away the ache of distemper, can also, the dog thinks, switch off a cataract.

So Billy, a black-and-white spaniel, jumped into the mighty river from Goat Island and swam about enjoying the water in true spaniel fashion. Then the rapids seized him and he was swept away like a cork. Down and down went the roaring waters, bearing the dog swiftly to the brink of the Horseshoe Falls and the whirlpool below.

What the Fox-Terrier Saw

That seemed to be the end of Billy.

But four days later a fox-terrier saw him. During those days tourists in plenty had been to see the Falls, and had noticed nothing. Only when a fox-terrier accompanied a party and showed great excitement did anyone perceive a spaniel cowering on a ledge above the thundering spray, the rocks, and the whirlpool. In the din of those mighty waters no one could possibly have heard his cries. It is something of a miracle that he reached the ledge at all, with a four-million horse-power river sweeping him away.

Man justified Billy's faith. A crowd soon gathered. Finally two men named Donalo and Gray fixed a plank to a jutting ledge 40 feet above the dog, and Donalo crawled along it with a long rope. He slipped and fell into the swift-flowing river.

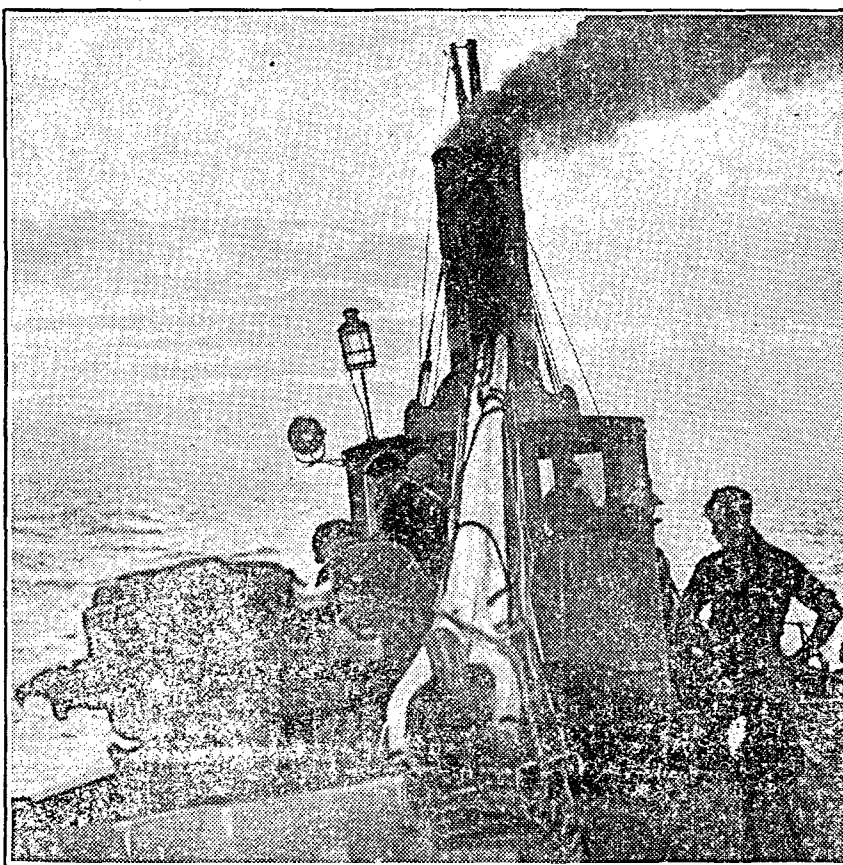
A Gallant Rescue

Gray jumped in and brought him ashore. They had been in danger of being swept over the curving Horseshoe Falls, but they did not give up. Donalo crawled along the plank again, got the noose over Billy, and hauled him to safety.

The whole neighbourhood rejoiced, and no one in Canada or America was half so popular as Billy. But soon came sad tidings, for a veterinary surgeon discovered that the spaniel's struggle in the water had led to internal injuries, and he had to be put to sleep.

Yet the rescuer's courage was not in vain. Billy's last days were spent in warm quarters, where kind hands caressed him and he could have bowls of his favourite food. It was far better than a lonely, terrified death of starvation on a ledge above a whirlpool. Man did his best for this poor silly Billy who thought Niagara a good place for a bath.

Out to Sea and Home Again



The Yarmouth drifter, Harry and Leonard, setting out to the fishing grounds as evening draws in.



Making for home with a large catch of herrings on board.

These pictures, taken on board a Yarmouth drifter, help us to realise something of the arduous toil of the men who go out into the North Sea, sometimes for days on end, in search of fish for the nation's breakfast table. Often they must face the perils of storm, and not always do they come back to port with their boats weighted down by a big catch.

HIS LOST MASTER

ONE MORE STORY OF THE WAR

**The Remarkable Witness of a
Dog to a Mistake in Camp**

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

By Our Hungary Correspondent

Eleven years have passed since the end of the war and still the crop of misery sown during those four years is flourishing.

Incredible as it may seem, there are still thousands of Hungarian prisoners of war in Siberia who have no means of getting home, and are sick with longing for their native land. There are also many thousands who are sleeping their last sleep in the cemeteries of this far-away land.

It is about one of these that this sad little story was lately told by someone who was there when it happened.

Uncle Lorry and Bear

In the Prisoners Camp in Barnaul was an old disabled Hungarian soldier who owned a shaggy white Russian dog named Bear. Man and dog were equally beloved by all the members of the camp, while the dog, curiously enough, wagged his tail to all the prisoners but barked savagely whenever a Russian soldier passed by. Uncle Lorry, as the old soldier was called by everyone, used to say with a chuckle: "You see, he likes Hungarians best. I'll take him home with me; there won't be another such dog in all Hungary."

But Fate willed otherwise. In the winter of 1919 a typhoid epidemic broke out in the camp and Uncle Lorry was one of the first to catch the disease. He was removed to the camp hospital, whither he was followed by the faithful Bear, who lay down in the passage outside the wardroom and would not budge by day or night. In the end the old man died, and was removed to the mortuary. Bear disappeared, and was forgotten for several days. The day of the funeral came, and four Hungarian prisoners, shouldering their old comrade's coffin, carried it out to the cemetery. To their surprise they found Bear there, lying on what they thought to be the new-made grave of a Russian soldier, dead and frozen stiff.

Bear's Last Service

It was some time before the explanation of this strange incident occurred to those who witnessed it. What had happened was that two bodies had been changed by mistake, and it was Uncle Lorry and not the Russian soldier who had been buried the day before. Investigation proved that this had actually occurred. No such mistake was possible for Bear; men might make it, but not he. He *knew* where his master was buried, and he paid his master the last service that could still be done for him, that of ensuring that his burial-place was known.

FAIRNESS ALL ROUND

The Foreigner Among Us

THE LEAGUE AND THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER

By Our League Correspondent

The November conference called by the League and held in Paris adds one more to the efforts on behalf of peace and goodwill.

Its purpose is to ensure fair treatment for persons and firms carrying on business in countries not their own and to abolish any injustices from which they may suffer.

We, who wish to carry our business and enterprise into other countries and to be under no disadvantages there, will accord the same freedom to those who settle in our own land. The question of admitting foreigners is not on the programme; that has only become a subject for League study since the request was made at the last Assembly. But, once in a country, the position of commercial travellers, the marketing of goods, the freedom to acquire and possess property, are to be guaranteed by international agreement.

Progress and Steadiness

"Do as you would be done by" is the idea underlying this further step toward justice and fair dealing; progress in all our trade relations with other countries and greater steadiness for trade generally are the results anticipated by those who should know. The five British delegates to the conference are known well enough to inspire confidence for whatever part they may play in the decisions. Neither the United States nor Russia cared to be left out, so one sent an adviser and the other an observer.

TRUSTING TO PROVIDENCE

The Robot Up Aloft

From Dayton, Ohio, where the Wright brothers made that first historic flight of three-quarters of a mile in a motor-lifted plane, a plane has flown 300 miles with no pilot to guide it.

The pilot was in a three-engined aeroplane which made this journey from Dayton to Washington, but he did not touch the controls which lift, turn, lower, or otherwise control the flight of the machine.

He directed the machine as it rose in the air. He then set it, as a man in a sailing-boat might set the tiller and the sail for a clear course at sea. The pilot's "sail" was a gyroscopic wheel which, by its revolutions, steadied the machine and kept it steady. The general direction he "set" by another control, and then retired to the cockpit to leave the plane to sail itself.

This it did successfully, and everybody was delighted with the automatic controls. The plane went its way without a human hand!

LIGHTING A HOUSE WITH CORNSTALKS

In a huge agricultural country the quantities of cornstalks thrown away as waste are tremendous.

Two chemists of the University of Illinois have now discovered a way of using cornstalks to light the homes of the farmers.

A circle of farm land eight miles across will now be able to make enough gas to supply a town of nearly 100,000 people. Cornstalks are put into a chamber where they are fermented by microbes, and a mixture of carbon dioxide and marsh gas is produced equal to coal gas for heat and illumination.

C. L. N. Growth of the League

The most wonderful fact of the history of our time is the growth of the League of Nations.

In the centuries to come men will look back on it as the only great thing that came out of the Great War.

There were those who sneered at it. There were newspapers which came out every morning laughing it to scorn. There have been daily papers in London not ashamed to throw gibes at the I.L.O., the great Labour Office of the League, on account of its cost to us, which is equal to the telephone bill of one of our Government departments. All these cynics and sneerers are wishing they had been silent now, for the League is the greatest triumph of all time and will save the world from War.

You and I will belong to it. Our C.L.N. will be a great pillar of strength to it in the years to come. Please send sixpence for your Badge.

A Message from Lord Cecil

I am glad of this opportunity of wishing the Children's League of Nations every success.

I hope every reader of the C.N. will become a member and so join the League of Nations Union in strengthening the League to establish peace on Earth and promote friendship and understanding between nations.

I would say to every boy and girl that to put an end for ever to war would be indeed a wonderful thing, and that this is the way in which you can best help that object. CECIL

What a Kent School Did

It is wonderful to think that any one of us may influence the world in some way. Here is the way in which one group of school members of the League of Nations Union brought their influence to bear at Geneva.

This summer seventy British boys and girls who learned all they could about the League last winter were taken to see the League for themselves.

They learned that the League published an important report about school life and work all over the world which was of great help to teachers, but that, for lack of funds, it would in future appear only once instead of twice year.

Some of the girls in the party, who came from a school in Dartford, held a protest meeting, and arranged for a deputation from their number to put their view before an official of the League and to guarantee that they would raise the £100 needed.

Sir Eric Drummond, the Secretary-General, was told of their visit, and was so impressed with their views that he placed them before the Assembly of the League, with the result that it was decided to vote the necessary money to continue the publication twice a year.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence for the Badge.

Each letter should give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school. A card and badge of membership will be sent to you.

There will be arrangements for meeting other members at parties, plays, pageants, lectures, film shows, and so on. There will be opportunities of making friends in your own neighbourhood and in other countries. There will



The C.L.N. Badge of Membership

A GREAT BUBBLE The Crash Which Shook All England

The crash which has followed the wild speculation of multitudes of people in New York has been likened to the bursting of the South Sea Bubble about 200 years ago.

The South Sea Company originated in a simple scheme. It was floated under Government licence in 1710 to enable people to deal in seamen's tickets. During Queen Anne's time it was found convenient to pay sailors in paper, and the South Sea Company began with a capital of ten millions pounds in order to buy up the tickets for whatever the holders would sell them for and, at the right moment, re-sell them to the Government at their face value.

Amazing Schemes

For ten years the company went on quietly trading, but in 1720 Parliament extended the rights of the company and gave it the sole privilege of trading to the South Seas, within certain limits. It was also empowered to deal with public loans in the same way. The ball was started on a new career of movement with 33 million pounds at stake.

Strange rights were included in the company's charter. It was to develop certain unnamed South Sea lands in the manner of the chartered companies in India. One trading feature was to be the capture and sale of Negro slaves! One scheme after another was added by the company and by its many imitators. There was nothing for which the public would not subscribe money. Shares for the treatment of oil went to 12 times their issue value; £4 shares in a so-called water engine rose to £50 each; shares in a company for making oil from radishes fetched £25. The shares of an insurance company rose from £5 to £250. There were companies for drying malt by air, for turning quicksilver into precious metal, and for extracting silver from lead; companies for extracting butter from beech trees, for curing gout, and so on.

Mushroom Companies

These and scores of other companies grew like mushrooms under the shelter of the original South Sea Company, whose shares rose by leaps and bounds from one to 325, then to 650, and eight days later to 890. Finally the price stood at 1200. Thus any £1 share which changed hands cost its buyer £1200.

Then came the collapse, utter and overwhelming. Thousands were ruined. Parliament met to deal with the disaster. They took the private property of people principally engaged in the transactions; they expelled the Chancellor of the Exchequer from his office and imprisoned him in the Tower.

THE AIR-TIGHT RAILWAY VAN

The L.M.S. Railway, pioneers of the rail-container service for the door-to-door conveyance of goods in Britain and the extension of the service to Continental routes, announce a further innovation in the shape of a fully-insulated container for perishable goods.

The containers, 50 of which have been ordered, are lined with slatted cork. They are constructed of stout wood, painted white outside, and varnished within to facilitate cleaning. They are air-tight.

Continued from the previous column

be a Letter Exchange. There will be arrangements for visits to interesting places and scholarship tours to Geneva. And, most of all, there will be for all of us the great happiness of belonging to the first Children's League of Nations. Further news will appear next week. In the meantime, please

Send sixpence (your first subscription of sixpence a year) with your name, address, age, and school.

A HIGHLAND CHIEF PASSES

The Thousand-Year-Old Macleods

23RD HEAD OF HIS LINE

Macleod of Macleod is dead after crowding into his ninety years as many adventures as the heart of a Highland Chief could desire.

Norman Magnus Macleod was the 23rd chieftain of that ancient clan whose ancestral home, Dunvegan Castle, has stood starkly in the Isle of Skye for a thousand years. Many a black tragedy has been transacted at this gaunt stronghold built on a crag, and it would be a marvel if it had not one storied chamber to recall some one of them. Dr. Johnson declared that Dunvegan Castle looked as if it had been let down from heaven by four corners to be the residence of a chief.

The Mad Sentry

The 23rd Macleod of Macleod kept up the family's reputation for fearlessness if not for ruthlessness. When he was a young subaltern of the old 74th Highlanders he sprang unarmed on a sentry, who had gone mad while the regiment was at Gibraltar and was shooting down civilians. Macleod wrested his rifle from the madman at the peril of his life.

He went with the little-remembered expedition to Zululand to crown Cetewayo King of the Zulus; and while still a young man little over 30 he was made Protector of Immigrants. A strong Protector he must have been, for, going as Political Agent among the Swazis, he not only prevented a rising among them against the whites during the Zulu War, but afterwards led an army of 8000 Swazis against the quarrelsome Basuto chief Sekukuni.

In Peaceful Sussex

Many other adventures he had by flood and field as a hunter. He died far away from the ancestral Crag of Skye, in the peacefulness of Sussex Horsham.

The Macleods live long unless their career be cut short by violence, and the new head of the clan, Sir Reginald Macleod of Macleod, is 82, the dead chief's brother. There is yet another brother, but neither has any sons, so that the headship of the clan, which can never be held by a woman, may fall to a Macleod living in Australia whose family branched off from the main stem in Oliver Cromwell's day.

THINGS SAID

My clothes never did fit. Judge Cluer
Grandpa, you forgot to shut the door.

Princess Elizabeth to the King
Nationalism is the measles of mankind.

Professor Einstein
I should like to see window-boxes everywhere in London. Mr. Lansbury

There is no keener Boy Scout than I am. Duke of Connaught

I have read Pride and Prejudice 24 times. Mr. Compton Mackenzie

Every slum is a defiance of the Fatherhood of God. Bishop of Southwark

The lengthening of efficient hawp life up to a hundred is quite possible.

Professor Leonard Hill
There were 40,000 members of Parliament before Elizabeth.

Colonel Wedgwood, M.P.
Play fair, be square, and you will find more sport in living and less fear of dying.

Lord Dewar
Peace reigns in our midst, and the bad feelings of the past are being assuaged among all classes.

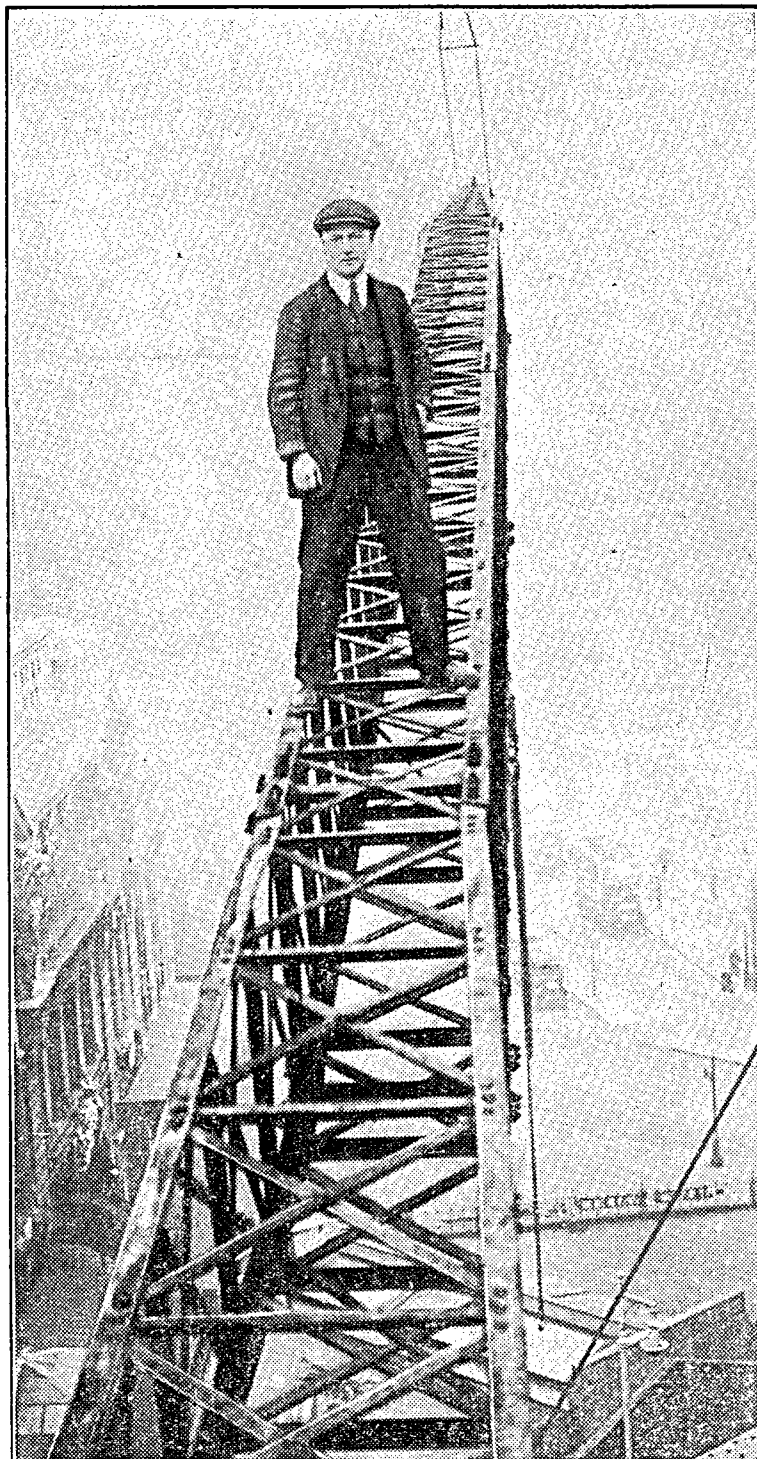
Governor of Northern Ireland
Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon Earth.

Jesus

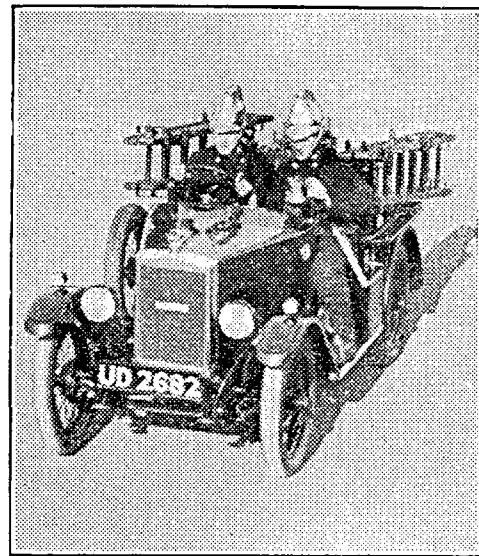
BABY FIRE ENGINE • PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS • NEW THAMES TUNNEL



Tail Waggers—These two little fellows from a Kent hilltop are among the very latest members of the Tail Waggers Club, now growing at the rate of over 500 a day.



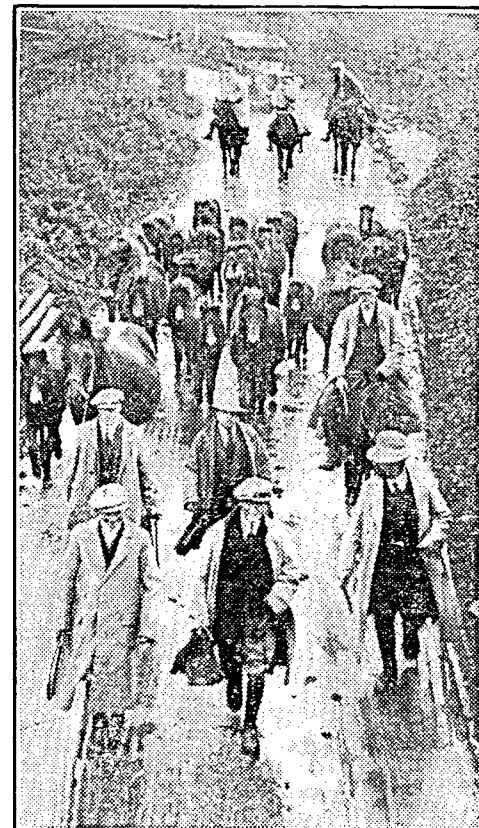
A Walk Above London—One of the big cranes that have become such a familiar feature of London's skyline is at work close to Victoria Station, where a new building is being erected. This picture was taken as one of the engineers was walking along the crane to inspect it.



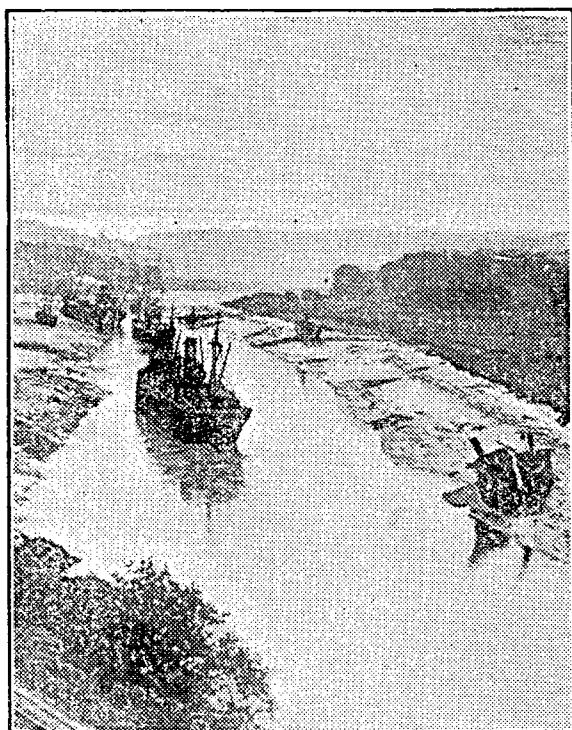
A Baby Fire Engine—Here is a new idea in fire engines, a small two-seater which can dash off to the scene of a fire in advance of the larger engine. It carries ladders and chemical fire-extinguishers.



Christmas is Coming—This giant cracker made in a London factory is a reminder that Christmas is now less than five weeks off. Such a cracker contains enough presents for a whole party.



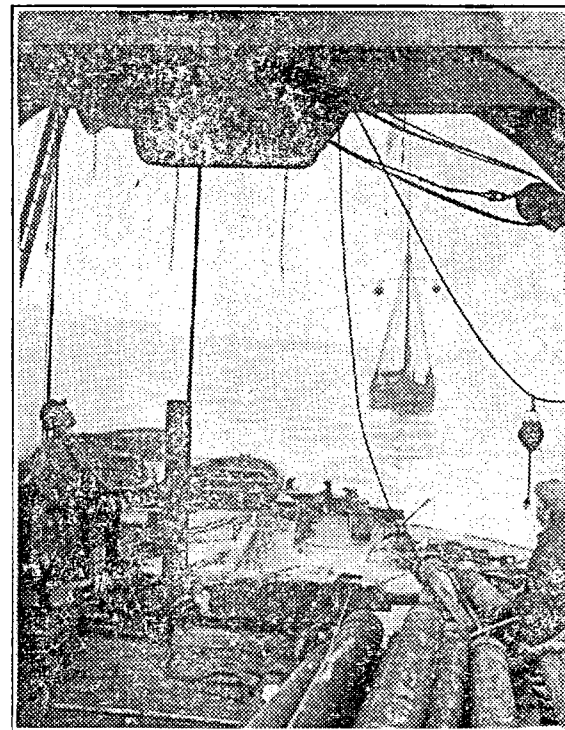
Off to Market—The wild ponies of Exmoor are periodically rounded up and taken to market. Here are some on the way to Bishop's Nympton, where they were sold for a few shillings each.



What a Fog Did—A remarkable sight was witnessed at Bristol the other day when a number of colliers and tugs were stranded by the tide in the River Avon during a thick fog. Here is the scene when the fog cleared.



School for Landworkers—Germany, like many other countries, is finding that mechanical aids to agriculture call for a new type of worker. Here we see men receiving instruction in the use of a triple plough drawn by a tractor.



Testing the River Bed—A new tunnel is to be bored under the Thames at Purfleet in Essex, and test boring is now taking place from this vessel in midstream to find out the type of soil beneath the river.

A GOOD DEED THAT GOES ON SHINING

The Boy in the Garden GIVING HIM A SECOND CHANCE

The Boys' Garden Colony has a nice name, and in spite of all Shakespeare has to say on the subject there is really much in a name.

This one makes us think of Contrary Mary's garden, where pretty girls grew all in a row, but as a matter of fact the boys do not grow there. They grow in slums, they get into trouble, they find themselves in the police court, and then if they are lucky they get sent to the Garden Colony at Basingstoke.

The place was planned by Mr. Cancellor, the London magistrate who has just passed on to his reward and knew boys too well to call this colony a reformatory.

Many times a boy was brought before him who did not seem bad yet had done a bad thing. The magistrate wanted to give him another chance, and he did not want to send him back to bad companions and idleness. So he founded a home in a district largely used for nursery gardens, where plenty of work could be found for the boys.

Digging for Manhood

Working, like idling, is a habit. The boys at the Garden Colony enjoy their open-air work, and they lose any desire to hang about streets and steal things off hawkers' barrows. They dig out their manhood in the Garden.

Last year the boys earned £1000, which went partly to keep the Home and partly to provide them with pocket money. But a lump sum of £5000 is now needed to set the home on a firm footing, and Mr. Cancellor's friends are waiting to receive it at Bow Street Police Court.

They will surely not wait in vain, for everybody believes in giving people, especially people who are not grown up, a second chance.

WHAT AN OLD LADY LIVED TO SEE

An old lady who had lived in New Zealand for 88 years has passed away in Wellington, the capital of the Dominion.

She was a child of seven when she left London with her parents in 1841, and Wellington was a collection of huts when she arrived there. As there was no wharf the passengers were lowered over the side of the ship in a basket to a rowing boat, and were carried from the boat to the shore on the shoulders of sailors. Now Wellington is a mighty seaport with great wharves at which the largest ships can berth.

Among the passengers on the same ship were William Martin, who became the first Chief Justice of New Zealand, and William Swainson, the first Attorney-General of the colony. These men spent their time on board compiling a code of laws for the new colony, and the present laws of the Dominion are based on their labours.

This old lady lived to see four generations of her family, and leaves behind thirty great-grandchildren. She had seen the population of New Zealand grow from a few thousands to nearly a million and a-half.

Spoiling Sunday

It is estimated that in recent years over a million workers have lost their opportunities of Sunday rest.

Advertising a Country

France next year is going to send two experts to the United States with £160,000 to advertise their country.

A Famous Young Man of 93 SIR WILLIAM HART DYKE AT HIS CASTLE

Will the Boys of Our Time be Half as Active as He in the Year 2003?

TWO GENERATIONS OF FINE WORK FOR HIS COUNTRY

There was a pathetic little picture not long ago within sight of a scene that hundreds of artists have painted.

In the old churchyard at Eynsford in Kent, with a Norman doorway looking out across an ancient bridge to a Tudor cottage, they carried an old steward to his last rest. For fifty years, perhaps, he had been a familiar figure on his horse, crossing the old bridge over the Darent to the spacious and beautiful park round Lullingstone Castle, the home of his master, one of the grand old men of English life, whose services to his country began two generations ago and have not yet ended.

Sir William Hart Dyke was in the church to bid farewell to the old steward. It is counted one of the great days of the village when Sir William comes to see it now, for he is the most famous figure for miles around.

parks in Kent, with the little River Darent running by, and he has been there half a century and more. He is looking forward next year to keeping the diamond jubilee of his wedding to Lady Emily. All who have seen Lady Emily on her horse, or with her drum, or at a bazaar in the village hall, or in the gardens of Lullingstone Castle, know that Kent has no more gracious lady. It was but the other day that we watched her at her drum, playing it with a vigour that would have gladdened the heart of Sir Francis Drake. Of all his delights as he looks backward and around him, nothing can be more precious to Sir William than the affection in which his gifted wife is held among her neighbours and by all who know her. Like Sir William, Lady Emily has been the friend of a hundred good causes, and her charity never fails.



Sir William Hart Dyke, here seen with his wife, Lady Emily, is 93, still sharing in the public life of Kent, where he has been a great figure for two generations. To equal Sir William's record a boy of 19 now will have to be taking the chair at meetings and watching cricket matches in the year 2003.

He stands erect and walks with vigour. His eye is keen and his voice is strong, yet he has seen two generations go by since he started public life. He has done sixty years of public work. He has been watching the changes of the world for eighty years, and he can challenge Lord Harris, who declared the other day that he was the oldest man in public life in Kent.

It is true that Sir William is no longer Father of the House of Commons, or chairman of a railway company, but his public interests and private pleasures are as keen as ever. It is only a few weeks since he was giving a playing-field to the village of Eynsford, which lies next door to Lullingstone Castle, and he was there to give the field in public to his friends and neighbours. The day before he had been watching cricket at Tonbridge, and a week or two before he had taken the chair at an election meeting. If the boys of this generation are doing these things at 93 they will surprise the Twenty-First Century.

Perhaps we may quote an interesting little thing Sir William told the people on the playing-field he gave them.

This cricket pitch is not what it should be (he said); it is not of the right material, and I want to make it a better ground. In a secluded corner of my park there is a delightful piece of turf, as good as they have got at Lord's or the Oval. I will measure off enough to lay a pitch and make it easier for the nearer fielders. I want to make you such a ground that the great swells would not turn up their noses at it. I have never done a thing before which I have appreciated so much as this. I have played cricket all my life, very badly sometimes, and when I missed catches the sun was in my eyes or something!

The truth is that the sun is always in his old eyes, shining out of them. He has a lifetime of great and happy memories.

His house stands in one of the loveliest

We had almost forgotten to say that Sir William has a great political career behind him. It is odd to see him walking across the lawn at Lullingstone, or half running up a little hill to point out a camp site to some Girl Guides, and to think "There goes Disraeli's Chief Whip." As far back as that in our political history Sir William was an important figure in the House of Commons, making history there in Parliament's most famous years. There were giants in those days, and Sir William was among them. It was he who introduced the first Bill for Free Education at a time when his party could hardly be said to be enthusiastic for it.

We believe that he also laid down the first tennis lawn in England and played the first game on it; it was at Lullingstone in the days when Lady Emily came there in a crinoline.

Sir William once said that he has never been tired, and we can almost believe it. He walked half a mile the other day to a camp site, and two girls, about half his age between them, thought it right to slow down as the ground began to rise. "Is it too steep for you?" asked Sir William, slowing down for them. He is like his famous old oaks, full of strength and vigour. In one corner of his 8000 acres, a mile or two from his door, stand some ancient oaks that must have been fine trees in the days of Queen Elizabeth. They have stood five hundred years, and they live on as a piece of Old England, setting a man thinking as he passes them by.

And Sir William sets us thinking, too, for he is a part of Old England, a nobleman truly. Young at 93, glad to be about, watching the changing world with interest every day, his mind full of memories and his heart full of love of his country, Sir William is a figure for this generation to look upon and think about. This is he whom every one of us might wish to be.

A. M.

GRENFELL OF LABRADOR

Toiler of the Deep

HELPER OF THE LIVES OF MEN

Grenfell of Labrador, whose work is so well known to C.N. readers and to civilised people everywhere, received a great ovation from the students of St. Andrews University, where he was the other day invested with the honorary degree of LL.D.

This is what Professor Blyth Webster said of Sir Wilfred Grenfell in introducing him.

Our last three rectors spoke to us in turn of courage, independence, and adventure. Their successor, whom we admit to honour and to office now, has shown these shining qualities in a lifetime of danger and devotion to his fellows in hard places.

To sub-Arctic seas and lands where life is a silent struggle against cold and hunger, night, and space itself, he took the virtue of his Cornish stock, the fame and fighting temper of his folk, the all-round tradition of his school and college, his athletic record and his Rugby Blue, his medical and his mariner's skill, his selfless surrender and dedication of his self. What befell him there with boat and dog and sledge, his tally of peril and endurance and escape, might have come to us from long ago, from saga days and saga men.

Forty Years of Work

Of his 40 years of work for deep-sea fishermen in the North-West Atlantic, and 36 in Labrador and Northern Newfoundland among the floating fishers of the summer and the resident settlers of the coast, the world knows the results: the hospital ships and hospitals, the seamen's homes and orphanages, the cooperative stores and shops, the schools, the libraries, and all the multifarious energies and organisation of the Grenfell Mission. Labrador has been said to mean Land of the Labourer. I present as Rector-Elect the labourer of Labrador, toiler of the deep, tiller of human soil, helper and healer of the lives of men.

ALAS! POOR BUMPY

Cottered's Ugly Elm

Bumpy, which was the pride of Cottered, is now its pride no more, because someone has cut down this old elm which had stood so many years on the village green.

Bumpy was not one of those beautiful immemorial old elms whose grace poets have sung. On the contrary, Bumpy was misshapen, and had a curious old growth on its trunk, from which its name arose.

But, ugly or handsome, the villagers of Cottered loved their old tree, as anyone might guess from its possession of a nickname. They pointed it out with pride to visitors, who came long distances to this little village of North Herts to photograph the ugly duckling.

Then, on a recent morning, the village awoke to find the trunk of the tree sawn through and a timber wagon with a steam tractor attached to it waiting to cart it away.

What the rights of the matter may be the C.N. is not informed, but all its sympathies are with Bumpy and the people of Cottered.

Raising the Nile

A £2,000,000 contract for raising the Assouan Dam has been signed with a Westminster firm of engineers.

Night Ploughing

With a tractor lit by two powerful headlights a Wellingborough farmer has ploughed his land by night.

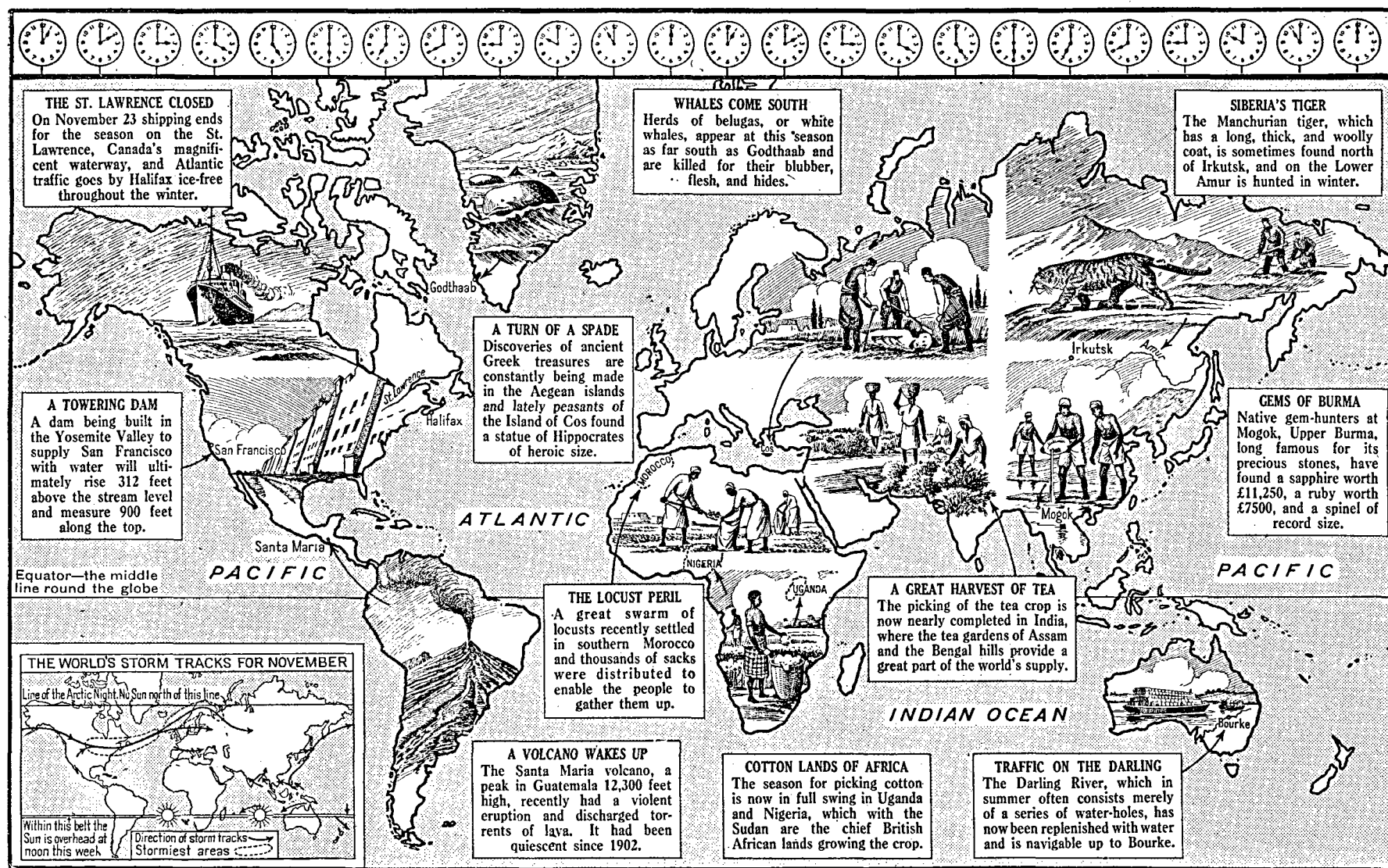
A Shoal of Herrings

The biggest catch of herrings on the East Coast this year had a quarter of million herrings and realised over £300.

An Engineer's Fee

The engineer's fee for the new Charing Cross Bridge, the building of which will take five or seven years, will be about £200,000.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE LONG, LONG TRAIL

A Boy's March From Slavery AN EXCUSE FOR THE STOWAWAY

In the case of John Cassidy Bowman the C.N. is inclined to make an exception to its disapproval of stowaways, who are generally frauds who take something they have not paid for.

John Cassidy Bowman had gone as an emigrant to a Canadian farm far up country, and found his lot far harder than the farmer's boy of the song who had to learn to plough, to reap, to sow, and perform many other tasks of a pleasing agricultural nature. John had to begin at four in the morning and go on till ten at night, and was not well fed or well treated between times.

Consequently he left the farm and tramped 1600 miles to the port of Halifax, Nova Scotia. There he stowed away on the ship Honorata, which was sailing for the Thames and home.

He was quickly discovered, but he worked his passage as well as he could. He worked so hard that the ship's officers spoke up for him when he was brought up, as the law demands, before the West Ham magistrate.

A hard-working boy should not be sent to prison. There are now in attendance at the police courts a high-minded body of men and women who are called Probation Officers, and to their supervision first offenders are often handed on probation. One of these has taken care of John Cassidy, and we hope he will do better at home than abroad.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Sunshine . 109 hours	Falmouth . 7.76 ins.
Rainfall . 2.72 ins.	Holyhead . 6.18 ins.
Dry Days . 17	Croydon . 3.72 ins.
Wet Days . 14	Aberdeen . 3.18 ins.
Warmest Day . 16th	Dublin . 2.79 ins.
Coldest Day . 27th	Edinburgh . 1.85 ins.

THE CHALLENGER'S LAST MAN

A Famous Voyage

In the quiet of Gillingham in Kent the last survivor of the famous ship Challenger, Mr. William Allwork, has just passed away.

He was a youth of 17 when he sailed in her 57 years ago, and the Challenger Expedition was so famous, and the results were so often quoted by the scientific men of the last generation, that to many it will come as a surprise that no more are left who shared in the famous cruise.

It was commanded by Sir George Nares, the Arctic explorer who had searched for Franklin, and for three years the scientific men on the Challenger plumbed the southern seas.

The vessel was the first steamship to cross the Antarctic Circle; and the full story of all the work that was done and the discoveries made about life in the sea occupied almost all the rest of the 19th century in the telling. The last official report was published in 1895, about twenty years after the Challenger's return.

THE OLD MAORI'S EGG

A Discovery in a Cave

Fragments of a moa eggshell have lately been found in New Zealand by the staff of a museum digging in a cave near Dunedin.

The moa has been extinct for many hundred years. It was much larger and stronger than the ostrich, but must have been similar in appearance; and, like the ostrich and the emu, it had lost the power of flight and only used its wings to help itself along when running.

The cave where the eggshell was found appears to have been shut off from the sea by a landslide about the time the primitive inhabitants of the country were hunting the giant moa, and the egg had probably been carried into the cave by an old-time Maori.

A GOOD LIFE'S WORK IS DONE

Shaping Boundaries and Helping Peace

Sir Thomas Holdich has passed on. He was one of the most distinguished scientific geographers of our time and a noted frontier maker.

Certainly he made his mark on the world. Many carefully-made dividing lines between different countries were mapped out by him. Nobody realised more than he did what an important part the right understanding of geography has in international politics.

At 55 he was obliged to retire from the Army, yet his work in this country was completed; he was able to say that he thanked "that Providence which has been good to me in that I have been able to put a round finish to the last of our frontier maps."

Difficult work was waiting for him when he retired, and he put into it all his old enthusiasm and thoroughness. His fame at boundary work was world-wide, and the Governments of Argentina and Chile engaged him to define the disputed borders of their two countries.

Keeping the peace of the world was his great aim throughout his difficult work. He believed that boundary settlement ensured "peace and goodwill between peoples by putting a definite edge to the national political horizon, so as to limit unauthorised expansion and trespass."

THE CLEAN CORNER OF PALL MALL

The C.N. congratulates all concerned in the cleaning up of the Dirty Corner of Pall Mall.

The steps of which we complained have had their first sweeping for years, the old hoardings of an ancient firm are down, and soon we are to have new signs of life at this important point of aristocratic London.

THE CHILD'S WAY OUT OF THE SLUM

Paved With Lady Astor's Good Bargains

THE MEMORY OF RACHEL McMILLAN

In Deptford, which years ago the Rector's churchwarden described to him as a "very lo-cality," Lady Astor has just laid the foundation-stone of an institute which is to help the poorest children to enjoy the blessings of light and air.

Light and leading might be the motto of the Open-Air Nursery Schools which Miss Rachel McMillan founded and her sister Margaret now keeps going at Deptford. The new institute is an extension of these schools, as well as being a memorial to the founder's memory.

Her foundation was the first Open-Air Nursery School. To it Deptford's poor children might come and learn their alphabet and see the sky above the houses at the same time. There is, as Lady Astor said, no other way for the children between two and five to get out of the slums every day.

Since then the movement has so spread that trained teachers are wanted to go out all over the world to carry on the good work. The new building is to be a college to train them and send them out as Open-Air Missionaries to every town with a slum.

Lord Astor has given the land, and Lady Astor added that he had been very good in helping her to raise the money for the building by letting her have antiques at bargain prices to sell again at a profit! Lady Astor is making the best of a good bargain, and both she and her husband will win for themselves the heartfelt thanks of a multitude of poor children.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 23 1929

A Scrap of War Office Paper

WHEN the British Government put its signature to the Kellogg Pact it was the hope and belief of all men of goodwill that a step had been taken to secure the peace of the world. The nations signing the Pact with her renounced war as an instrument of policy.

By that we meant, and they meant, that armies and navies should not be built up so as to give a Great Power something with which it could fight for what it deemed to be its rights, its grievances, or its ambitions. We all condemned war as a way of settling controversies.

If this Pact was to be anything but a scrap of paper it meant that war was ruled out. A nation in dispute with another must not send threatening ultimatums. It must not send warnings that if this that or the other were not done troops would be mobilised. It must settle the thing peacefully.

There may be difficulties, but they will be got over. When all nations believe in the Kellogg Pact all international controversies will be settled round a table.

But in order that this first and all-important step toward disarmament should be effective the nations must stand by what they signed, *in the letter and the spirit*. Great Britain signed, but what clenching proof has yet been given that her signature was not put to a scrap of paper? There is one other undertaking which Great Britain has made with herself which contradicts the signature to the Pact.

In the Field Service Regulations issued to our soldiers the first paragraph begins:

War is the ultimate resource of policy.

The paragraph continues that every nation must be ready in the last resort to *protect its interests by force of arms*.

In other words, the threat of war is the final argument. While that policy holds the threat may well become the first argument as well as the last, but in any case, if this is to be so, where is the Pact?

It is this warlike way of thinking, as the Chief Scout has pointed out, that belonged to the old generation but is entirely alien to the spirit of the new generation springing up, on which rests the hope of the world.

It is perhaps a small thing to condemn, but it is these little things, in school histories as well as in Army Regulations, which little by little tell on the mind, and we must change them if we would build up the new way of thinking Peace instead of thinking War.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Peace is Getting On

THERE is too much talk of peace, says Mussolini, who has spent so much of his time in talking of war. If he is not careful he will find himself with an expensive army to keep and nobody to fight.

What Is It?

WHERE could we find more new things than in old London? Nowhere perhaps. And yet for a little surprise it would be hard to beat the fact of which we were told by a policeman with whom we had a little talk at Westminster.

Every day, he says, hundreds of people, not only foreigners but our own countrymen, look up at the Houses of Parliament and ask *What is that building?*

Fair Play

AS we are now at peace with Germany and have agreed with her that she is paying as a country all she can for the war it would seem to be only decent not to rob German citizens.

It will be a surprise to many people to learn that we are doing so. Yet, having taken from certain Germans property they owned on British soil when war broke out, and having taken out of it a sum sufficient to pay for the losses British subjects suffered, we still hang on to the balance.

What no honest man would do to a debtor a nation should not do to another nation.

What Happened at Quebec

IN his farewell speech to Canada Mr. MacDonald said that Quebec ought to be the Mecca to which every European statesman caring for peace should bend his steps.

Well might he think so, for on the Plains of Abraham, close to the City of Québec, the heroic Wolfe and the gallant Montcalm died in a battle which was the culmination of a century's struggle between English and French in Canada.

Yet statesmanship and goodwill and understanding stepped in after this fratricidal strife to make a peace that has lasted more than a hundred years.

The Frolicsome Frock

A scarlet frock hanging out to dry
Danced on the line twixt Earth and Sky.

A strong wind played with the dancing dress
And a warm Sun smiled in its kindness.

How like some people their frocks can be!

Dancing with all Life's joy goes She,
Bravely stands its buffets and knocks,
Gay in her humour, gay in her frocks.

*A scarlet frock hanging out to dry
Hangs on the line twixt Earth and Sky.
Torn is the hem and ragged the frill,
But joyous the heart of Her dancing still!*
Town Girl

Sursum Corda

BESIDE a road in Norfolk stands a small house over the porch of which in old English letters are the words *Sursum Corda*; which mean, of course, Lift up your hearts.

Perhaps the owner of the house hoped when he put them there that some of the hundreds of travellers hurrying by in search of the sea and the sands of the coast towns might, if only for an instant, feel their hearts lifted up, far above all care and sorrow, as did happen to one who saw the words when passing by.

Tip-Cat

A YORKSHIRE chemist owns a bulldog over three feet high. It has, however, four legs.

PEDESTRIANS, we are told, should not always stand on their rights. It is safer on the kerbstone.

IT is terrible when a singer realises she is losing her voice, declares one of them. Still, it is all right so long as the audience don't miss it.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If a pig ever leaves its litter behind

escaping gas from a brewery. The mere sight of a brewery has often brought tears to our eyes.

THE new Treasury notes are said to be unpopular. Not with us.

IT is said that editors and publishers do not really know what the public wants. Neither does the public.

THERE are still some folk who pin their faith to odd numbers. And odd folk who prefer even.

THERE are only a hundred first-class waiters now in London, it seems. And they are too good to be kept waiting.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

AN Aberdonian has given £30,000 to Edinburgh for animal research work at the university.

TEN thousand pounds have been received by the Church Missionary Society from an unknown friend.

THE historic mansion of Holme Lacey has been given to Herefordshire County Council for public use.

THE King of Siam has given an Italian garden to Eton, his old school.

AN old temple bell has been restored to Japan by a Swiss museum as a token of loyalty to the League.

A Rhyme of the C.L.N.

Team Work

THE grey horse he is grey,
The brown horse he is brown,
But let them both be yoked
To draw the wheat to town.
With hey, Dapple! hey, Dobbin!
Each shall help the other,
And why should we
Still disagree?
Let brother work with brother!

THE Frenchman he is French,
The Dane he is a Dane,
But Peace calls both alike
To draw her harvest wain.
So hey, Louis! Hey, Henrik!
Each shall help the other,
And Earth will grow
A Heaven below
When brother works with brother.

O you are from the East,
And I am from the West,
And each has gifts for Man,
And no one's gift is best.
So hey, dreamer! Hey, delver!
Each shall help the other
To make Life fair,
And free from care
And every man a brother.

The Age Test

WHEN is a man old? We have always believed that age has nothing to do with years. We intend to be a centenarian and to keep our youth at the same time. A good number of our readers have white hair and boyish hearts.

Then what is the test of age? Let a seventeenth-century King's Envoy answer the question. Writing to Buckingham, Sir George Etherege once said, "I wear flannel, Sir, therefore talk to me no more of poetry."

Nowadays flannel is not the badge of age but the uniform of the athlete. Yet it is still true that the old in heart lose their love of poetry. When the great poets stir a man no more as a sound of bugles, when he never hears the horns of Elfland faintly blowing, when he no more has glimpses of the hidden battlements of Eternity, then he is old, and fit for physic and thermometers.

There are some people who never have liked poetry; they have never been young. There are others who never lose their love of everything beautiful; they never grow old.

A Prayer 1000 Years Old

Almighty and most merciful God, the fountain of all goodness, who knowest the thoughts of our hearts, we confess that we have transgressed against Thee. Wash us, we beseech Thee, from the stains of our sins, and give us grace and power to put away all hurtful things.

O Eternal Light, shine into our hearts; Eternal Goodness, deliver us from evil; Eternal Power, be Thou our support; - Eternal Wisdom, scatter our ignorance; Eternal Pity, have mercy upon us. Grant that with all our heart and mind and strength we may evermore seek Thy face; and finally bring us by Thine infinite mercy to Thy holy presence.

Alcuin, in the Eighth Century

A SPLENDID GERMAN WITH EMERSON IN HIS POCKET

The Great Man Who Woke to
Find an Empire Falling

PRINCE MAX OF BADEN

With the death of Prince Max of Baden passed away a man who was great in defeat, and who, when Germany was tottering, strove to save the German Emperor from himself.

He was too good a German and too highminded a man ever to be labelled in the Fatherland as a Pacifist, but from the first he perceived the wrongfulness of the war. He was one of the few Germans who thought that the violation of Belgium was without excuse. If he were bound to stand up for his country he made no pretence of confusing wrong with right.

An Idealist

The Great Headquarters Staff did not like him and declined to endorse the humane suggestion that Prince Max should be put at the head of a department for organising the camps for the prisoners of war. Had that been done there would have been none of the bitterness with which some of the prisoners came back. But the generals only knew Prince Max as an idealist who had such queer liberal ideas that he travelled with Emerson's Essays in his pocket. What should a man like that, who kept up with progress and thought in other countries, know of the great and crushing war that Germany was raging.

He understood so little of the German War Staff's hopes that from the first he was in favour of an understanding with Britain. As the war rolled on, sometimes leaning to the German side, sometimes to the Allies, this German prince was always on the look-out to end it by honourable negotiations. But it was all in vain. It was not till the German Armies had become a weapon which had broken in Ludendorff's hands and the German resistance was collapsing in the autumn of 1918 that the German War Chiefs turned to Prince Max the Peacemaker.

The Obstinate Kaiser

Even then, like Pharaoh of old, the Kaiser refused to face the facts. He would not even stop the submarine campaign. He would not abdicate, he refused to see that his people were turning against him. Against the advice of Prince Max, who strove to save him, the Kaiser left Berlin to go to Headquarters, and the German people took this as a sign that the Kaiser was preparing to use his army as a menace against them.

Even then the situation might have been saved, but at this critical moment Prince Max, who had been ill and torn with worry and anxiety, took an overdose of a sleeping draught. He woke to find that the German High Seas Fleet had mutinied, that Germany's last hope of resistance had crumbled, and that Germany no longer had any use for War Lords.

A Patriot's Choice

Even in that desperate moment Prince Max stood by his Emperor and tried to persuade him to save the Monarchy by abdication. It was in vain.

Then, in that fateful hour, this patriot, faced with the choice of abandoning his Kaiser or his country, chose for the people. He asked nothing for himself. To Herr Ebert, the saddler who became first President of the German Republic, he said "I commit the German Empire to your keeping." He had done what he could. He failed nobly, but his failure was greater than many successes.

THE LITTERED WAY TO THE CENOTAPH

It was a sad sight to see the condition of Whitehall within half an hour of the Two Minutes Silence on Armistice Day. The vast multitude of people, moving slowly in their thousands, made their way to the National Shrine through a mess of litter almost incredible at such a time in such a place. The road was strewn with paper, and as the rain began and the wind was blowing the state of Whitehall was a pitiful sight.

And the cause of it all was the simple fact that among these thousands paying homage to the Glorious Dead hundreds brought with them bunches of flowers in paper wrappings. The writer watched one poor woman in the great procession who, as she neared the Cenotaph, took the paper off her flowers and dropped it piece after piece. So the road was littered in a very few minutes almost beyond imagining.

It is true that the litter men of the Office of Works were soon on the spot,

sweeping up as fast as they could; but what were they among so many, and why should paper be thrown down by one hand to be picked up by another? And why, in any case, should the Office of Works not take the very simple precaution of avoiding this unpleasantness at such a time by asking that those who take flowers to the Cenotaph shall not wrap them in paper?

It was truly absurd to see the efforts of the officials to dispose of the paper when taking the flowers and laying them at the shrine; all they could do was to screw it up into balls and tuck it away among the wreaths, or throw it on the ground. It is, surely, an act of folly and a little humiliating; but happily it is all entirely avoidable if in the official notice next year words can be introduced to say to the public:

Please do not take paper
with your Cenotaph flowers.

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?



This poor bird is one of thousands that die from getting their feathers mixed with the oil poured on the sea from ships. Government after government, conference after conference, have promised to stop this tragedy, but nothing happens. It is one of the saddest things of our time that thousands of sea-birds are tortured in this way every year. See page 12.

FOUR MEN AND A DOG

AN advertisement in a Liverpool newspaper the other day ran thus: *Is there anyone in Merseyside who is a lover of animals, and who possesses a motor-car and at least 76 yards of rope?*

The car and the rope were wanted to rescue a dog which for three weeks had been a prisoner in a deep, dry well at Rhescyae, Halkyn Mountain, Holywell. It had somehow slipped or scrambled down, and could not be got up again.

All the poor thing could do was to howl, and all the villagers could do to help was to throw food down. Hence the advertisement.

Four men of Chester rose to the appeal. They were in an athletic club

when someone read out the curious appeal from the newspaper, and next day the four (Messrs. Dixon, Slade, Searell, and Harris) went off in a car and took with them the rope.

After a good deal of difficulty and at no small risk to themselves one of their number descended the deep shaft and managed to slip the rope round the dog and bring it back to safety.

It was in reality a difficult and hazardous feat, demanding courage and endurance. The C.N. has regretfully left to the last the chief proof of the difficulties. It was that there was another dog down the shaft, and it was found impossible to rescue it.

DICTATORS IN TROUBLE

PRIMO AND PILSUDSKI

Poles and Spaniards Less
Obedient Than They Should Be
SOMETHING GOING TO HAPPEN

Two Dictators in Europe are having trouble with their national assemblies, and both have purchased breathing space by adjourning them.

In Poland the Dictator, Marshal Pilsudski, is neither President nor Prime Minister, but Minister for War, just as in Russia the Dictator is neither President of the Soviets nor Chief Commissary, but merely secretary of the Bolshevik Party. The President and Prime Minister of Poland, however, do what he tells them. But Parliament is now growing restive and threatens a vote of no confidence in his Government, and to bring it to heel the War Minister introduced a hundred officers into the vestibule of the Chamber.

The Speaker Protests

This brought a dignified protest from the Speaker, who refused to take the chair, and Parliament had to be adjourned for four days by the President. When the time for the resumed sitting came round the doors were closed by the Speaker's orders against all but elected deputies, and even Pilsudski hesitated to force an entrance. Instead, he instructed the President to decree an adjournment for thirty days. The thirty days are up early in December. What will happen then?

In Spain the Dictator, General Primo de Rivera, is called Prime Minister. He abolished Parliament some years ago and set up in its place an Assembly chosen by selected national organisations subject to his approval but with power only to advise. This Assembly was to meet to consider a new scheme for a Parliament in which the people should have a larger voice, with a view to ending the Dictatorship, but this gathering has been postponed till the New Year, and the Dictatorship continues for the present.

A Critic Court-Martialled

The trouble of this Dictator also is that people are not being as obedient as he thinks they ought to be. His critics have been getting themselves nominated for membership of the Assembly against his known wishes, and one of them, a former Prime Minister (Señor Guerra) who certainly intended the overthrow of the Dictatorship, has been found not guilty of treason by a court-martial at Valencia. The acquittal has been cancelled by the Dictator, who has ordered a retrial in Madrid.

In all these circumstances it is not surprising that the Spanish Dictator should think it unwise to let the Assembly meet just now. But, again, what will happen soon? December will be interesting in Poland and January in Spain.

£250 A MINUTE

B.B.C. as God's Good Beggar

One of the excellent Sunday features of the B.B.C. is the appeal for the Week's Good Cause.

The new B.B.C. Year Book tells us how successful the appeals are, the amount collected last year being £64,000, an increase of £24,000 on the previous year. As each appeal is limited to five minutes this is equivalent to nearly £250 a minute.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes have benefited to the extent of £5630, while the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital collected £4600 and the Friends of the Poor £4300. These are among the most successful appeals.

A BAD THING GOES FROM PARIS

Farewell to a Miserable Slum

On the outskirts of Paris, on the ground of the old barricades, some very poor people made homes during the last year or two. They built poverty-stricken little huts compared with which our English "bungaloids" are little pavilions of beauty.

They had, of course, no water and no sanitation, and the hot summers left much typhus and enteric fever behind them in these hovels on the barricades. And also, where there was dirt, disease, poverty, darkness, and no discipline, there was crime. The years left crime in the barricades, and produced clever young scamps who stuck at nothing.

Paris has now taken this matter up. The wretched families have been visited with an ejection order, quite kind but quite firm. The authorities gave them time to move into workmen's dwellings found for them, but they had to go. People were extraordinarily kind, helping with pony traps and carts to move their miserable little properties.

One by one the hovels were emptied, and now the barricades are cleared. Great masses of debris have been destroyed by fire, and in order to put temptation out of the way of the poor these spaces are to be laid out in parks and grounds.

MAGIC WORDS FOR THE SUDAN

Transport and Irrigation Bringing Prosperity

Transport and irrigation are the two magic words which are bringing order and prosperity to the Sudan.

The report of the High Commissioner for last year has been issued. It is the last which will be written by Lord Lloyd, who resigned in the spring.

Cotton and cotton-seed now account for 70 per cent of the exports of the country. Irrigation, floods, and rain have all contributed. The great Gezira scheme has spread wealth far beyond the immediate area it irrigates, for labour flocks in from far afield. The wages increase the purchasing power, and the standard of living is rising.

Native food supplies are still a source of anxiety, but the new roads and railways and the great advance in transport are causing steady improvement. There are native motor-buses in which a journey of a hundred miles may be made for three shillings.

A trade in slaves from Abyssinia to the nomad Arabs of the White Nile has been detected and stopped.

THROUGH THE AIR AND UNDER THE SEA

Music and voices broadcast by wireless are very badly received from America at present, unless the weather conditions are really favourable.

The improvements being made in submarine cables, on the other hand, are so great that we can talk by wire across immense distances of sea, a thing thought impossible a few years ago.

Now, by means of a new cable being made in America with a new sort of insulating material, arrangements are being made for another telephone service between England and America, and men will talk by submarine wire running 1800 miles under the sea between London and New York in 1932.

A curious feature of this new cable is that with its aid it will become possible to broadcast every day from America, the sounds being received in this country by the submarine telephone and being then turned into wireless and broadcast.

PETER PUCK'S CAR IS STOLEN

Joy-riding in other people's cars is still a popular amusement with some people and there are still magistrates who declare that taking another man's car for fun is not stealing.

A Bill has been introduced into Parliament to put things right.

Peter Puck helped himself to one of the Editor's chocolates.

"What's yours is mine," he said, "and what's mine is my own."

"Are you sure?" asked the Editor's secretary, turning away from the window. "I have just seen two men jump into your car and drive off in it."

"What!" shrieked Peter, choking with caramel and indignation.

"Of course," she said, "it is still your own, legally. But for practical purposes, like driving to football matches—"

When the Case Came On

Peter waited to hear no more. He snatched the telephone. He rang up the Prime Minister, the Flying Squad, and his Aunt Agatha. Three days later the stolen car was found in Finchley, and identified by Aunt Agatha, whose cat came home on the same day.

When the case came on Peter Puck was called upon to prove that the two horse-power Biffspitz, 1912, Parma violet body, with three flat tyres and one golliwog mascot, was indeed his.

Police-Constable X then gave evidence that he had seen a gentleman with a grey muffler and plum-coloured suit and another gentleman in a fawn mackintosh and red neckerchief looking up and down the road in a furtive manner before leaping into the Biffspitz and driving off at a furious pace.

Only Borrowed

The gentlemen in question were then asked to explain themselves. Peter noted that they had soft white hands, unaccustomed to toil, black finger nails, red noses, and shifty eyes.

"Are you guilty of stealing this car?" asked the magistrate.

Grey Muffler burst into tears. Red Neckerchief bristled with indignation.

"How dare you suggest such a thing?" he spluttered. "I'll have you all up for defamation of character. We only borrowed it."

"You can't punish us for joy riding," said Grey Muffler between his sniffs.

"Oh, that makes all the difference," said the magistrate. "You are quite sure," he added, "that you really didn't mean to keep the car?"

"Certainly not!" they cried together.

"Then you may go home," said the magistrate kindly. And, glaring at the police constable, he said: "You ought to be more careful how you bring these charges. You know quite well that there is no law against borrowing another man's car for joy-riding."

Where Peter Went

So the policeman went home in tears, the thieves went home in glee, and Aunt Agatha went home indignant.

But Peter Puck did not go home at all. He went to the magistrate's private address, and, introducing himself through a skylight, he removed a fur-lined coat and silver teapot.

At first all were baffled. There was no clue to the identity of the thief. But when Scotland Yard had failed, Doctor Piffle, the famous blind, deaf, and dumb amateur, easily traced the crime to Peter.

It was just what Peter wanted. Proudly he faced the world from his place in the dock.

"I did not steal the things," he said, "I merely borrowed them. I fully intended to bring them back when I had done with them."

"You can only do that with cars," said the magistrate sternly.

"Why?" asked Peter.

BOOKS WE LIKE

Speed. By T. S. Denham. (The Pilot Press, 3s. 6d.)

A handy little volume on the remarkable progress of high-speed flying, with complete accounts of the race for the Schneider Trophy.

Foulsham's Book of Fretwork. (Foulshams, 2s.)

A practical little book showing how to make a hundred useful articles.

Dreams and Fables. By Canon Woodward. (Longmans, 3s. 6d.)

A very charming little book of twelve stories broadcast from the Children's Services at St. John's, Westminster. Any child will love it.

God's Candle. By John Oxenham. (Longmans, cloth 4s., paper 2s. 6d.)

One of John Oxenham's lovely little books. It describes the way in which six characters, real or imaginary, were affected by the Crucifixion. We meet Simon of Cyrene, who carried the Cross, and a Roman boy who is supposed to have thrown a stone at Jesus on the road to Calvary.

Tales of the Wind King. By E. D. Laborde. (Cambridge Press, 6s.)

Wrapped in wonderful cloaks of cloud the Wind King takes us in his chariot over many strange lands, an excellent way of showing us the life of peoples and the countries they live in. There are many fine pictures.

Nature Caricatures, by F. C. G. (Country Life, 5s.)

One has to be not quite so young as we should like to be to remember when F. C. G., who drew these caricatures of Mr. Puffin, and Mrs. Peewit, and Billy Brock the Badger, and the Cormorant that was such a gloomy beggar, used every day to give us drawings of Joseph Chamberlain or Mr. Balfour and Lord Salisbury. He made caricatures of them, but they were never tinged with malice, and the politicians themselves used to chuckle at them as much as humbler folk. In this book we find Francis Carruthers Gould, for that was his name, drawing bird and beast of sea and land in the same pleasant humour. Viscount Ullswater, who was the Speaker when F. C. G. was alive and active, writes a little introduction, so the two meet again as they did for so many days in the House of Commons. "Full of sagacious merriment and gay wisdom," the Speaker says of these sketches, and so they are, for this namesake of Saint Francis of the birds loved his little sitters.

THE POLICE BOX

Referring to a recent C.N. picture of Police Boxes that are being adopted in London, a Sheffield reader points out that such boxes for quickening ambulance arrangements were adopted in Sheffield more than a year ago and have been widely imitated, and Sheffield has been consulted respecting the London arrangements.

He adds that "Sheffield in the valleys is apt to be overlooked." Evidently, however, it has not escaped observation in this instance. The Police Box system has been an enormous success from every point of view.

Continued from the previous column

"There is no Why," retorted the magistrate.

And Peter was dragged below to a cell and a plank bed and a bowl of skilly.

But Red Neckerchief and Grey Muffler were speeding through the autumn lanes in Lord Goggenhurst's Rolls-Royce. They intended to sell it to a friend, and pick up someone else's Sunbeam for the return journey. That is, unless they were caught. They would then tell the detectives that they had borrowed the Rolls-Royce for a joy ride.

They thought it was a lovely day, and a lovely legal system, and could not imagine why some people grumbled.

NEWS OF AN OLD BELL

Pepys Would Hear It Ring

There is pleasant news from an old town.

In 1666 John Darby cast a bell in Ipswich. Next year it was installed in the naval yard at Harwich to call shipwrights to their work and to tell them when it was time to go home. For two and a-half centuries Harwich knew its punctual voice, and Mr. Samuel Pepys, Secretary of the Admiralty, must have heard it when he inspected the new men-of-war a-building for Charles the Second.

There came a sad day last century when the yard which had sent so many famous ships to sea was closed. All the equipment was scattered, including the bell by which Harwich citizens had told the time for 250 years. Never again would it set them bustling in the morning, never again would it be the signal for putting on the kettle and drawing father's chair to the fire at night. Harwich had lost something which had seemed almost a living character.

The other day Mr. P. J. Pybus, who is M.P. for the Harwich Division of Essex and loves its history, heard that the bell was in private hands, and offered to buy it and give it back to the town. His offer was accepted, and now the Harwich bell will ring out at least once a year.

IN SKY-SCRAPER CITY

A Rival of the Pines

Storey after storey goes up in the high buildings of sky-scraper city, New York, and these buildings have not only to be built but must be repaired.

The first thing to do when repairing a building is to put up scaffold poles, and the tall and straight pine tree has held the field for many centuries for this purpose. Last year, however, a beautiful but terribly high church was badly burned and partially destroyed while under repair owing to the wooden scaffold poles around it catching fire. Such fires are now leading to the use of steel scaffolding, which is not only fire-proof but is vastly stronger than wood. With steel scaffolding builders can now run big lifts up and down the side of a sky-scraper.

THE MAN WHO KNEW LIVINGSTONE

The Rev. W. J. Rampley, of the Church Missionary Society, Kabare, Sagana Station, Kenya, East Africa, writes thanking the C.N. for publishing his appeal for Matthew Wellington, the African associate of Dr. Livingstone.

He says: "Each mail brings help, and although I am sending a personal letter to all who have responded there are others who wish to remain anonymous; so will you give a Thank You to all."

A small book on Matthew Wellington's life is to be issued by the S.P.C.K., and its sale will help the old survivor of Livingstone's travels.

THE PRICE OF A MEAL

Only the other day we listened to the sad tale of a friend who had sallied forth with his wife on a pouring wet night to dine with some neighbours and found they had come on the wrong night. When the front bell was tardily answered the cab had gone away.

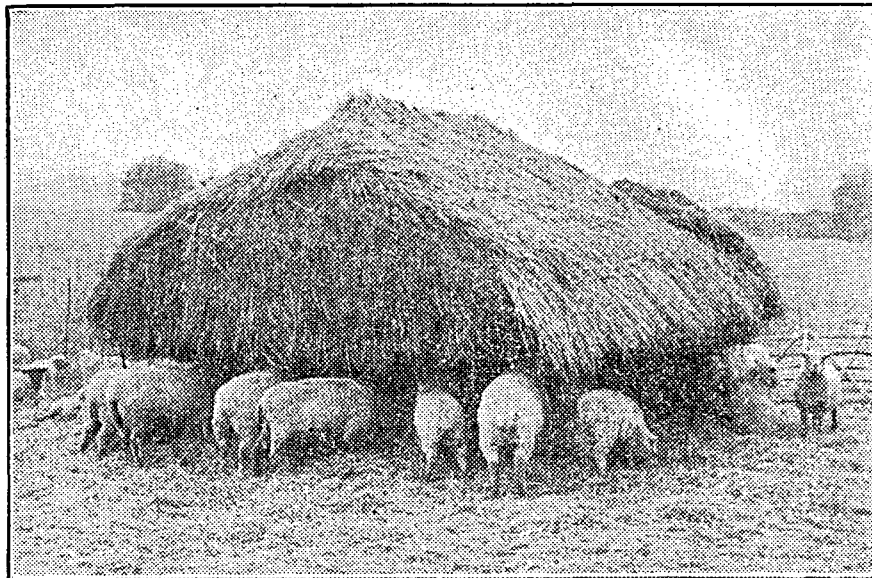
Even this experience was not so distressing as that of two guests who had to appear in a Paris court because they had failed to come on the right night. Their angry host had summoned them and claimed damages.

An English magistrate might have remarked that at any rate the host had saved the food, but in France, where the motto is *toujours la politesse*, he fined the guests for their discourtesy!

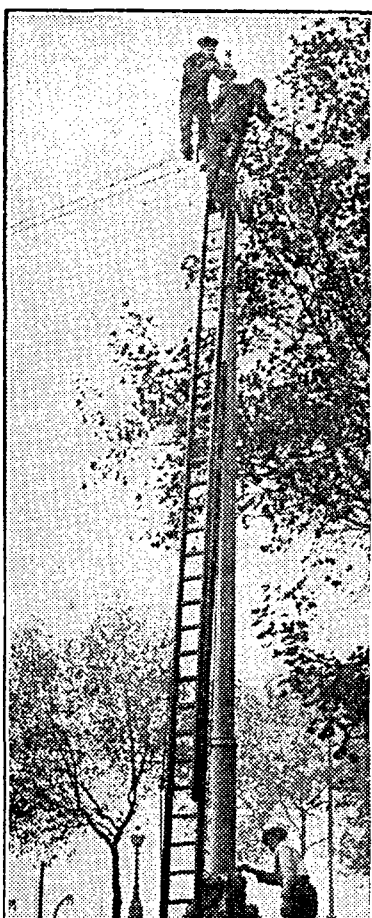
LITTLE AIR TRAVELLER · ELECTRIC CABLE TOWER · A MOCK PARLIAMENT



Serving Breakfast—The swans on the lake in Regent's Park, London, look forward eagerly to the early morning visit of their friend the waterman who brings their breakfast.



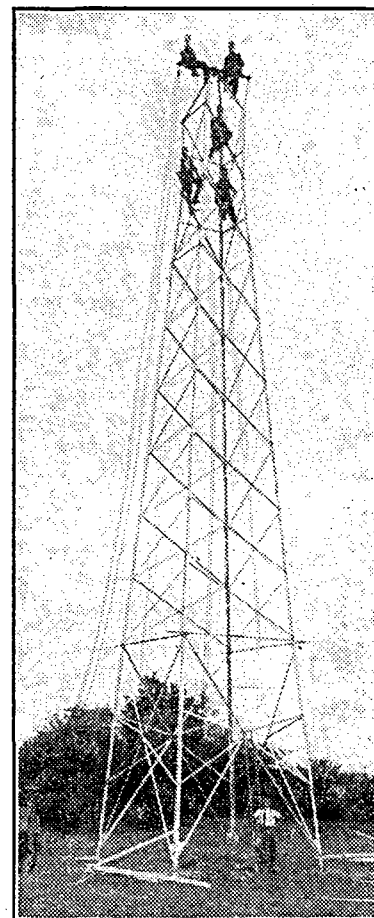
Eating a Haystack—Turned into an enclosure to feed on hay these sheep on a Sussex farm have eaten their way well into the stack, which now gives both food and shelter.



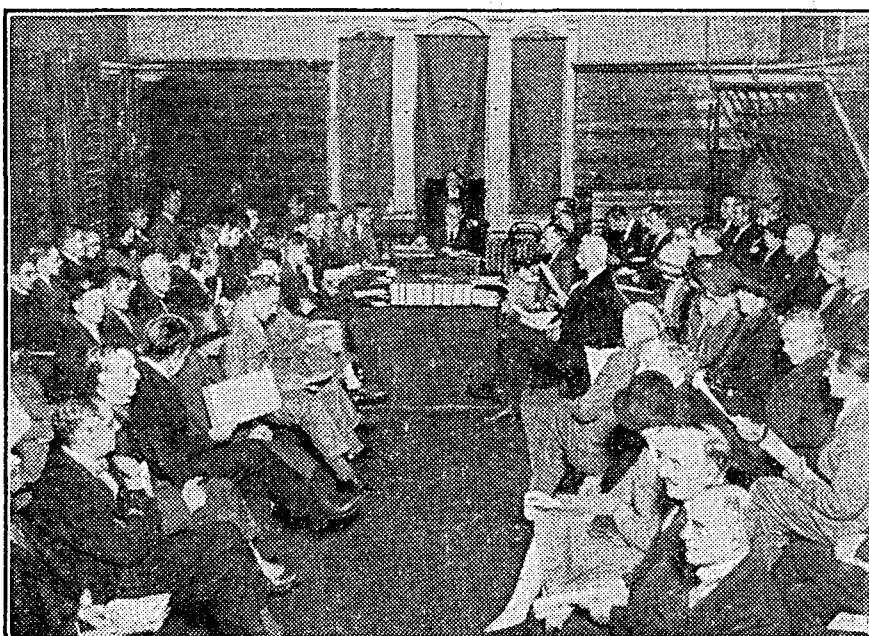
Lights of London—These workmen are painting one of the tall standards that have been set up along the Embankment to suspend lights over the road.



A Little Air Traveller—Many business men with interests in widely-separated parts of the country now use their own aeroplanes for getting about quickly. Three-year-old Pamela Dickinson of Wolverhampton often accompanies her father, with whom she is seen here, on his business calls.



Electricity For All—One of the steel cable-towers for the Central Electricity Board's national scheme is here seen being erected near Peterborough.



A Mock Parliament—This debating society, which is modelled on Parliamentary lines, meets at Hampstead. A number of M.P.s received here their first training in public speaking.



Exhibition by Young Artists—Some of the girl students of the L.C.O. Olapham School of Art are here seen hanging the work of pupils for a recent exhibition.

THE CASE OF THE CHARABANC

INCREASING PERIL OF THE ROADS

The Sleepy Driver on the King's Highway

IMPORTANT QUESTION FOR PARLIAMENT

It rests upon us all to do our utmost to make our roads as safe as possible in these days, and there is urgent need for Parliament to consider the case of the Charabanc.

We have no complaint against this popular substitute for the railway, for it affords marvellous opportunities for our people to see the loveliest countryside on Earth; but it is imperative that the police should give their attention to some aspects of the Charabanc business which bear upon the safety and the comfort of the entire travelling public.

At Terrific Speed

The writer has just been travelling over thousands of miles of English roads, and has been able to observe the part played by these huge vehicles in the various aspects of the traffic problem. There is no doubt whatever that many charabanc drivers are as careful as they can be, but it is perfectly plain that many others should have their licences suspended for life.

One of these drivers was seen entering Maidstone not very long ago. He had just passed the scene of an accident in which two charabancs were lying smashed and several people had been sent to hospital; yet this driver swerved round a dangerous bend into Maidstone at terrific speed and narrowly avoided wrecking his own charabanc and a private car. The sight of a terrible accident a few minutes before was as nothing to him.

Overworked

On this same road, the main road from London to Dover, a brightly-coloured charabanc found itself in trouble near Wrotham through the collapse of the driver owing to sheer exhaustion through over-driving. It was holiday time; he had been sent from charabanc to charabanc, journey after journey, until his strength could hold out no longer, and the nurse who was called to attend him on his collapse was told that it was "more than his job was worth to complain."

The truth is that the conditions are often so hard for these men that they are not fit to drive, and the charabanc becomes a danger on the roads.

Matters for Attention

In a terrible case which has lately received much attention a driver stated that he was up at 5.30 a.m., reached home the next morning after midnight, and was due to take out another coach at 8.15 a.m.

We are looking on at the growing-up of a great business which may one day rival the railways, and it is highly important that every aspect of it should be examined by those responsible for the public safety. The driver's hours of work, the conduct of the passengers, the stopping-places on the road, the speed of the vehicle itself, and the question of forbidding it in narrow ways, are all important matters for attention.

Every motorist knows that there are too many stops by charabancs at public-houses. In the country we may see a dozen of these vehicles drawn up at a single inn. Drink is fatal to judgment in driving; the sense of pace and distance is dulled, the chances of accident are increased. It is a very bad sign that innkeepers pay charabanc drivers to pull up at their houses. That should be

100 BARS CLOSED EVERY WEEK

Mussolini and the Drink Traffic

Friends and enemies alike of the Italian Dictator agree that he has done wonders in building-up a new Italy. One of the things he has done is little heard of, and Mussolini himself has been speaking of it to an American journalist. *In five years he has closed 27,000 drink shops.*

This is what Signor Mussolini says on the subject.

I am personally dry in a country overwhelmingly wet. Our people drink too much for their own good. The enormous acreage in vineyards brings little or no gold into the country.

Our people who drink in their homes or in cafés belong to the moderate drinkers. Heavy drinking in Italy is associated with the common public-house where no food is served.

We are cursed in Italy by low-class bars, and I intend to do away with them gradually. When a complaint is made about a place I close it, and from my edict there is no appeal. I have closed 27,000 in five years; give me time and I will close them all.

I deal with the drink question by making haste slowly rather than by attempting to change inveterate national habits overnight.

Continued from the previous column

absolutely forbidden by law, and it should be considered as great an offence for a charabanc driver to drink on duty as for the driver of an express train.

There is, however, an unrecognised source of danger which the law will have to consider: many charabanc drivers do not get sleep enough to enable them to keep alert and strong for their work.

An instance of this danger, which we fear is typical, came under the notice of a C.N. reader when the heat-wave was at its height. The facts concern a party of 500 people who travelled from the North to the South-West of England and back, almost without a break.

They left a northern town nearly 200 miles from London at ten o'clock on a Friday night, travelled all through the night, and reached the farthest point of their trip in time for late breakfast the next morning. Breakfast over, they drove on at once to a cathedral city in another county.

Too Long at the Wheel

While the sightseers were in the cathedral and about the town the drivers of the charabancs remained with their vehicles in the terrific heat of an almost tropical afternoon. The visit ended, the charabancs were turned back to the town by the sea which they had reached and left in the morning. Tea was taken there, and then, an hour or two later in the evening, a start was made for home, which would be reached by about ten on the Sunday morning.

Thus the drivers of these vehicles, each carrying about thirty people, were driving, with very short rests from the wheel, for 36 hours. The task is too much for human nature, for charabancs are exhausting to drive and the responsibility for the safety of so many lives is highly exacting.

It is not surprising that the men lose nerve and keenness of sight and judgment during so protracted an ordeal. If they make stops for drinking at public-houses the case is infinitely worse.

The charabanc comes in for much abuse, but it does enable people to get about and see our beautiful countryside. It is of the highest importance that the drivers should be sober, fresh and alert at their work, and should be given adequate facilities for sleep and rest.

Another factor of great importance arises from the fact that hundreds of thousands of people now eat and drink and take their leisure on our highways with no sort of accommodation for the presence of such multitudes of people.

A FAMOUS BOOK FROM A LABOURER'S COTTAGE

HOW HAROLD BEGBIE FOUND HIMSELF

The True Story of A Gentleman With a Duster

SEEKING AND FINDING

For the first time the true story is now told in *The Bookman* of a great literary secret which set literary and political circles wondering on both sides of the Atlantic a few years ago. We quote the story here as told in *The Bookman* by the Editor of the C.N., in an appreciation of the work of Harold Begbie.

It is probable that, by some curious and mysterious circumstance, the best work he did was done in other names. He will always be remembered as *A Gentleman With a Duster*. Few people know the romantic chapter of a man's life that lies behind this name, so long kept secret from the world. It is the story of a great adventure in itself. Harold Begbie loved the country; he knew every part of it and had lived in many counties.

Surprised His Friends

But he would do astonishing things, and after the war he surprised his friends by selling the house he had built on the verge of Ashdown Forest and taking a house in Kensington. What his friends expected to happen did happen: he was weary of London in a week or two, and the new newspaper had hardly arrived when his daughter was writing to a friend: "If you want to see Rosary Gardens come soon, for he has found a labourer's cottage with a little stream running past the door!"

In a month or two he had shaken the dust of that London summer off his feet and the family was installed in the labourer's cottage on the Yorkshire moors. "Ever since we got in the train," he wrote back to London, "we have been singing Hosannah and Alleluia. I have been all my life a seeker, and now I have found."

The Mirrors of Downing Street

Truly he had found himself. He had left London in a fit of gloom. Despair had possession of him, and he looked to a simple life away from the world of men and the excitement of affairs. Then it was that he wrote *The Mirrors of Downing Street*. It was from that labourer's cottage on the Yorkshire moors that this book came into every library and club, into every section of intellectual and political society, on both sides of the Atlantic.

It is curious to look back and remember the guessing of the identity of the Gentleman With a Duster. Not a soul but the publisher knew outside that cottage, but a friendly editor in London who had handled more Begbie manuscripts than any other man was able to penetrate behind the veil by an oddity of style which nobody else, perhaps, would ever notice; and he wrote to Begbie a letter conveying the profound secret that he had written *The Mirrors of Downing Street*!

At His Wits' End

The letter reached Harold Begbie one morning when he was at his wits' end to know how to answer persistent assertions of his authorship of the book, and he was able at last to invent the perfectly truthful formula that he had heard in great confidence from an acquaintance in London that he had written the book. "Will you come," he wrote very wittily to the friend, "and write my name in your book?"

So began the series of books of which the authorship has been one of the best-kept secrets of our time. They have been sold on both sides of the Atlantic in hundreds of thousands.

FIRES FROM THE HEART OF THE EARTH

VOLCANOES IN HISTORY

The Dramatic Disappearance of Bird and Human Families

TRAGEDY IN THE WEST INDIES

The volcanic activity in the West Indies, which has once more stirred the fears of the world, seems to have quietened down, and the terrified inhabitants are returning to their homes.

Many of those who fled must have recalled the horror of a quarter of a century ago when the town of St. Pierre, with its population of 30,000 people, was entirely destroyed except for one man in a prison cell. There are stranger stories still.

Birds as Extinct as the Dodo

Two events have resulted from eruptions of the two great volcanoes, Mont Pelée on Martinique and La Soufrière on St. Vincent, which neither Nature nor human art can repair.

Ocean islands develop life forms peculiar to themselves. Even here in Great Britain we have a wren and a sheep of kinds to be found only in one place—a wren peculiar to St. Kilda and a sheep in the same island unique from the fact that it is the only sheep in which Nature is striving to reassert itself by converting the covering of the animal from wool back to the original hair which all wild sheep wear.

The West Indian islands had unique bird life too. St. Vincent possessed thrushes unlike any others and a grand parrot which had no counterpart anywhere else. Martinique also had three original species of birds. The eruption of two volcanoes exterminated all these birds, and they can never be replaced. They are as extinct as the dodo.

The Case of the Caribs

A deeper note of tragedy attended a great eruption of La Soufrière a century ago. When Columbus discovered the West Indies toward the close of the 15th century the islands teemed with natives called Caribs, a people whose memory still survives in the name of the Caribbean Sea.

When the Spaniards colonised the islands they pressed the Caribs into slavery. We are told that the people, unused to hard toil and cruelty, were soon exterminated, so that Negroes had to be stolen from Africa, carried across the Atlantic, and sold into slavery to take the place of the original inhabitants of the islands.

But the Caribs were not all exterminated. Remnants retreated to the wilder islands or fled to the mountains of the larger islands and gradually increased. As they grew stronger in numbers they would issue from their sanctuaries from time to time to pillage the homes and possessions of the white invaders.

A Stroke of Destiny

There died not long ago an Englishman whose mother remembered being snatched from her cot to be carried into the woods of St. Vincent when Caribs swept down upon her home to murder and pillage. She and her family survived that and lived to repeat the flight, through another darkness, six years later.

The second darkness was caused by the eruption of La Soufrière in 1812. That was a terrible occasion. The white people and the Negro slaves survived; the Caribs were caught and blotted out.

Descendants of the people Columbus met, after resisting the perils and privations of three centuries of merciless dominion by the Spaniards, succumbed to a single stroke of destiny and were no more.

A TINY PLANET HOW TO FIND CERES A Little World Less Than 500 Miles Across NEARING THE EARTH

By the C.N. Astronomer

A little world that is only rarely well placed for observation may be seen during the next two weeks, while the Moon is out of the way.

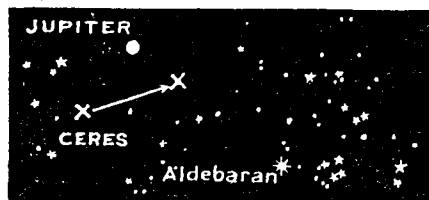
This is the tiny planetoid Ceres, now almost midway between our world and Jupiter. Ceres, therefore, appears near to this great planet as seen from the Earth, and so will be easy to find with the help of the star-map. But field-glasses will be necessary, for Ceres is not much brighter than seven and a-half magnitude. Thus, provided that the night is dark and the sky clear, this little planet is exceptionally well placed for observation, being very high in the heavens.

Brilliant Jupiter

Ceres will easily be found with the aid of Jupiter, which, being quite the brightest object in the south-east sky, cannot be mistaken.

South-west of Jupiter, and about twelve times the Moon's apparent width away, is the reddish first-magnitude star Aldebaran. Now Ceres about the middle of next week will be in the position indicated by the left-hand X in the star-map, between four and five times the Moon's apparent width below Jupiter, both planets appearing in the same field of view as seen through the glasses.

As Ceres is travelling toward the north-west she will appear to get gradually closer to Jupiter, and in a fortnight's time will have reached the



The position of Ceres relative to Jupiter, and its path for the next fortnight

position shown by the right-hand X in the star-map.

She will appear to move a distance equal to twice the Moon's apparent width in about three days, so it will be quite easy to identify this tiny point of light as it threads its way among the faint stars in its vicinity. Those about as bright as Ceres are shown as dots on the star-map.

This little world appears at its brightest the first week in December, because it will then be at its nearest to the Earth. After this the Moon will begin to spoil observation and Ceres be getting fainter.

Named After a Goddess

She revolves round the Sun at an average distance of 257 million miles and is now about 170 million miles away. Jupiter is 380 million miles away.

According to Barnard, Ceres has a diameter of 477 miles, so it would be possible to travel right round this tiny world in an express train in a day.

The discovery of Ceres by Giuseppe Piazzi at Palermo in Sicily in 1801 was a great event in the annals of astronomy, for until then no planet was known to exist between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. This is why Ceres received its title, being named after the goddess of Sicily as well as agriculture.

There are now over a thousand of these little worlds known, some of them being not more than about ten miles in diameter.

G. F. M.

A UNIVERSITY SAYS NO £800 Refused by Oxford

It is not often that a legacy is refused, but the University of Oxford has just disclaimed one for £800.

An old scholar of Wadham College left that sum to Oxford on condition that the income from it should provide an annual prize for an essay on Church history, to be competed for by male members of the university who are also members of the Church of England.

Dr. Pember, Warden of All Souls, proposed in convocation that the legacy should be disclaimed. It is not in accord with the policy of the university to limit prize essays or scholarships to one sex or one creed.

Oxford has refused to go backward. Men and women, Christians and Mohammedans, dukes and commoners, are equal in her halls. She recognises only one superiority, that of learning, and the undergraduate who is superior to the others in learning may be black or white, rich or poor; Oxford does not care.

LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL'S GREAT ORGAN

Ten Thousand Sounds of Praise

For a year the great organ of Liverpool Cathedral has spoken its message to listening ears. It has now had its commemoration day.

The fame of the organ has been spread so far and wide, by the spoken word and by its own music carried on the wings of wireless, that to this anniversary service a thousand people went from London alone.

The organ spoke to the great congregation with all the power of its ten thousand pipes. A Niagara of sound someone called it, but it was more like the roar of the ocean, of which a Victorian writer said

*The Voice of the great Creator
Speaks in that mighty tone.*

Liverpool Cathedral, standing on its heights, bespeaks the spirit of the twentieth century builders who raised this monument to their faith just as worshippers built the great cathedrals of the Middle Ages. The cathedral and its organ voice are a sign of the faith that many waters cannot quench.

A VERY GOOD FELLOW And a Good Friend of Art

Brighton will not be so gay a place now that the familiar figure of Mr. William Sampson, the picture dealer, has gone for ever from its precincts.

But not Brighton alone will miss him and mourn him. His loss will be felt by troops of friends to whom he was Bill Sampson, the open-handed, open-hearted man to whom a worthy charity, especially if it was associated with artists, never appealed in vain.

In times when so much money is bid in the auction room for foreign works of art and Old Masters Mr. Sampson stood out as one who always upheld the claims of British pictures. He was a most generous buyer of the pictures of Sir John Millais, and Birket Foster's water-colour drawings of Surrey and Kent had peculiar attractions for him. He made them famous.

It was said of him that no one in the picture trade who was out of luck or in dire straits ever appealed to him in vain.

Europe's biggest gasometer, 320 feet high, has been built at Stuttgart.

Gloucestershire County Council has adopted a bylaw forbidding the uprooting of wild flowers.

Sounds of a foghorn at Bardsey Island, off Carnarvonshire, can be heard 25 miles away.

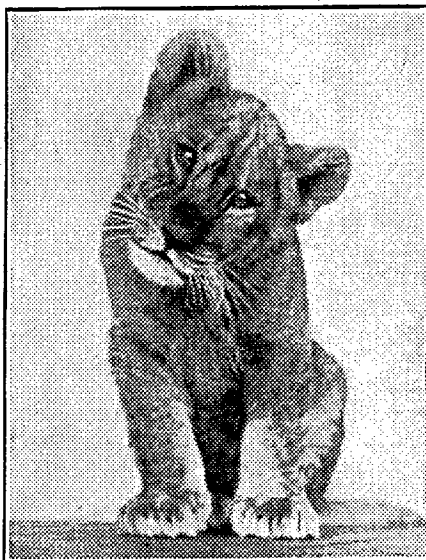
AUTUMN DAYS AT THE ZOO The Lion Babies are Growing Up

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Autumn is rather a sad time at the Zoo, for as the majority of the animals are ardent sun-worshippers they become depressed when faced with the prospect of long, dreary winter months.

Creatures that hibernate in their natural state seem worried, as they waver between a desire to adapt themselves to menagerie life and a longing to curl themselves up and sleep until spring arrives again.

Vivid birds, such as the peacocks and mandarin ducks, are no longer clad in



Lerline

the gorgeous plumes they flaunt during the mating season, and look conscious of their changed appearance. Delicate animals have deserted their outdoor dens and begun to show that the hot-water pipes attract them.

Yet the Zoo has its more cheerful side at this time of the year. The deer are particularly active, for autumn is their mating time, and the stags look happy as they test the strength of their antlers and utter their challenges in anticipation of a fight for their chosen mates.

The penguins dive and race for their food with great enthusiasm, for they like cold weather. The gorgeous birds-of-paradise are displaying their gay plumes, for they grow their best feathers in preparation for the rainy days.

This year the menagerie has a delightful picture for its autumn visitors, the three lion cubs born in July. Not until they were three months old did these baby lions, Gus, Elizabeth, and Lerline, make their bow to the public.

Apparently Doris, their mother, knew exactly how to treat the cubs. If they attempted to wander into the outdoor exhibition cage before she had given them permission she smacked them with her paws and sent them to bed; and if they stole her meat before they were old enough to digest it she snatched the food from them and smacked them.

The Lioness and Her Cubs

But when they were about ten weeks old Doris began to allow her babies to finish off her rations, and then the keeper knew that she would let them eat any meat he gave them. When the lioness took her cubs into the outdoor cage she evidently felt they were able to look after themselves. For she makes no attempt to keep them away from the public, so the Zoo's baby lions are delightfully tame, and when they are separated from their parents' visitors will be able to nurse and play with these sturdy little animals.

Most baby creatures have charm, but lion cubs are particularly charming, for their little bodies, covered with thick, woolly, striped fur, are full of grace, their eyes are wondering and mischievous.

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON

HEROES ALL A FAMOUS GATHERING OF COMRADES

Remarkable Meeting in the
Royal Gallery of the Peers

THE MEN OF GREAT COURAGE

One of the most remarkable events
in the history of peace or war was the
wonderful gathering of the V.C.s to
dine with the Prince of Wales in the
Royal Gallery of the House of Lords.

There were 320 there, men from all
parts of the world and belonging to all
classes, all wearing lounge suits, all
mingling as comrades with one trait in
common, the courage that faces death
calmly when the crisis comes.

The Prince sat between a peer and a
chauffeur, shook hands with all, and
made a speech which we are sure will
move our readers. One of the sentences
spoken by a Canadian V.C. will long be
remembered. It was this:

*With humble thankfulness we are
thinking of the miracle of our existence
here today.*

Doing and Talking

The whole of this gathering was a
miracle indeed. One of the V.C.s,
called on to make a speech, declared
that he would sooner go over the top.
We are sure of it, for these men were
the men who do things, not the men who
talk. Yet the speeches were fine and
noble, and we give these passages from
the speech of the Prince, at whose
invitation these 320 heroes met together,
comrades from many a Field of Valour,
brave men all.

I have spoken at many dinners,
(said the Prince) on almost every sub-
ject under the Sun, and when I say that
tonight I speak "with considerable
embarrassment," I mean that I feel
probably as uncomfortable as you do,
because it is not our national habit to
invite men to dinner in order to tell
them how brave they are. But I will
assume that whatever "small deed of
arms," as the knights of old used to call
it, stands to the credit of each one of
you, you perpetrated it from motives of
self-preservation or because you hap-
pened to notice that someone of the
Staff was watching and admiring you.

The Most Envable Order

I suggest this because every V.C.
I have talked to always dishes up some
explanation of this sort to account for
his peculiar conduct, whether by land
or sea, by air or underground.

There are those of us on whom the
Sovereign has conferred the most
Honourable Order of the Bath, the most
Exalted Order of the Star of India, or
the most *Distinguished* Order of St.
Michael and St. George, or the most
Eminent Order of the Indian Empire.
Tonight I speak of (if I may call it so)
the most *Envable* Order of the Victoria
Cross, the most democratic and at the
same time most exclusive of all Orders
of chivalry.

A Wise Provision

It is recruited from that very
limited circle of men who see what is
needed to be done, and do it at once at
their own peril, and having done it,
shut up—like the oyster. This is a wise
provision of nature for, if the men who
did things talked half as much as the
men who know how things ought to
be done, life would not be worth living.

Gentlemen, you are the recipients of
an honour which, it is true, can only be
won in time of war, and there is no wise
man today who, having learned what
war means, does not pray that it may
never come again in his lifetime.

But that fact only enhances the
value of the Cross, for it is a certificate—
a symbol—of the possession of those
qualities which, though war called them
forth, are really the foundations of
peace; the qualities of a cool head and
an undaunted heart, a fearless disregard
of self—all those qualities which are

THE MURDER OF THE SEA BIRDS

When Will This Cruel
Thing Stop?

TRAGEDY OF THE OIL AGE

Is nothing to be done for the sea-
birds which in increasing thousands every
year are done to death by the oil refuse
discharged from passing ships?

Eight years ago attention was called
to the dying struggles on the beach of
sea-birds whose plumage was so clogged
with oil that they perished miserably in
the surf.

Every one of these eight years has
brought new testimony. There is hardly
a holiday-maker by the less frequented
shores of our coast who has not at some
time or other been horrified by the sight
of dead and dying birds. Hundreds
of letters have been written to the news-
papers. Still the murder goes on.

When oil threatened to ruin a seaside
resort in Hampshire the authorities
were prevailed on to take steps to stop
its deposition. But the sea-birds do not
pay rates and taxes, so their wrongs
remain unrighted.

The Evil Goes On

Whose is the fault? The fact remains
that, despite the action of the Admiralty
and the shipping companies who have
tried to stop it, a vast quantity of oil is
still being thrown into the sea every
day by English and foreign ships.

It is possible to take steps to stop this
dumping within the twelve-mile coastal
limit—at any date it can be made
illegal—but how is it to be stopped
farther out at sea?

However far out at sea it is dumped it
is always threatening to come home to
roost. It is not soluble. It will poison
the fisheries sooner or later, as it did
some time ago at a locality in the
North Sea.

A draft convention was drawn up at
an international conference at Washing-
ton, but certain European countries
would not accept. The restrictions
have "fallen through"; the poison
still drips in.

Eight years, and nothing done. Is it
not time public opinion did what Govern-
ments cannot do? *Picture on page 7*

Continued from previous column

summed up in the brief legend engraved
on the Cross itself. And if any man
thinks that Valour is only called for in
fighting our enemies on the actual field
of battle, he must, I think, have a very
distorted view of the life we lead on
this world of ours.

This is the first occasion on which
since the institution of the Victoria
Cross, 72 years ago, a whole generation
of its recipients are met together in one
room, and I need not say that I am proud
to be of this company. Glad as I am
to meet you and to have the privilege
of proposing this toast, there is one
thought that must be in our minds—
namely, that many of our contempo-
raries who might have been with us lost
their lives in the very act of valour
which won them the Cross, or have died
since the award.

May I express this message to the
friends of these men—that we do not
forget them, and that we honour their
memory.

A last thought. You have known
of men who, but for the absence of any
witness except the dead—or by the
accident of wounds that hurry a man
into hospital, where he lies, lost to the
records for many months—would be of
your select company and breaking
bread with us tonight. And you know,
too, how a good man's nerves may
crack past recovery under the terrible
strain, so that those men must live on,
externally sound, maybe, but with
mind and spirit crippled and bewildered
for the term of their natural lives. They,
too, might have been with us. Let us
remember them all.

THE SHADOW

A Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 17 The Legend

THEN Major Chris uttered sharply: "On with your thinking cap, Peter, and tell me why I am shamming!"

But this was too much for Peter. "I can't guess," he owned. "I wonder if it's selfishness," smiled Major Chris. "Is it through selfishness that I wanted you to myself? No, consider again. You can't!" For Peter had shaken his head. "Well, I wanted to get hold of you for a long talk and I couldn't just call you to come along with my chair. For you are supposed to be working while you are here, Peter, and I am known to detest people pushing my chair for me. So how could I manage to get you to myself naturally? You have seen how, Peter. I had to stage this sad accident. In that way I could get hold of you for my bath-chairman."

Major Chris paused to pat his bandage and nod, nodding a cheerful answer to his own thoughts.

"You don't fully understand yet? Of course you don't, Peter. But after our chat this morning I've got some work for you. You are going to be my eyes and my ears—and my legs. For you've got the right stuff in you, Peter."

Holding his breath, Peter waited for what was to follow. Yet at first only silence followed. The man who had lifted a corner of the veil for him—a corner through which he could still distinguish no light—had sunk back with eyes half-closed again and his chin on his breast.

Then: "Wheel me up the path and back, Peter," he said.

Did he want to make sure for himself that there were no eavesdroppers? Peter believed so, and as he bent over the chair, pushing it to the end of the limes and returning, he marked the eyes beneath those lowered lids moving, moving from side to side in a search that missed nothing.

He wondered whom his companion suspected of spying?

When they were settled once more with their backs to the shrubs, Major Chris stripped his mask of languor at once.

"No," he uttered, with a slow smile, "I can't tell you whom I suspect—"

"Then you knew what I was thinking of!" Peter broke in.

"Oh, I often know what people are thinking about," the other said quietly. "However, I can't tell you whom I suspect or what I suspect, for I hardly know myself, Peter. Now then! You and I must have a long talk."

"I'm ready!" Peter cried eagerly.

"I know you are. Since you arrived at Falcon's Flight I've been watching you. And yesterday I subjected you to a nerve test. And egad! my friend, you came out with flying colours."

Then Peter cried out: "I guessed that! I guessed, I mean, about yesterday!"

"Sh! Not so loud. Yes, I meant you to guess about yesterday. I could have called that colt off before, but I wanted to see you under fire." Major Chris was speaking more briskly. "One likes to see how one's allies can stand fire, before one takes them into alliance."

Peter kindled.

"You're sort of taking me into alliance."

"Not 'sort of': positively. When you first came here I studied you, Peter, because it entertains me to study strangers. When one is condemned to spend the rest of one's life in a chair one has to do something to keep the mind in trim, Peter. So I sit and measure people up. It amuses me."

Peter mumbled awkwardly: "Sometimes I felt you were."

"I was. But not because I imagined I'd need you. Bless me, that had never entered my head then. It was only because you looked a keen, straight, sensitive chap, with a good bit under your skin if one could discover it. I was trying to discover it. That was all then. But now? Well, I'm glad I measured you, Peter, my friend."

"You mean you couldn't have trusted me if you hadn't?"

"I couldn't."

"Did you trust me yesterday morning?"

"Not entirely. Don't feel hurt!" said Major Chris gently. "In the general way, of course, I didn't distrust you. But in the particular way that we shall have need of I wasn't convinced that I could pin my trust to you. And—I couldn't afford to take the least risk."

Peter kept silent, holding his breath.

"You see, you're a dreamer, Peter," explained Major Chris. "You're a dreamy chap, and it isn't always the dreamy chaps

who have got the cleanest courage in an emergency. So what about your pluck and your nerve? How did those stand? For, believe me, friend Peter," the gentle tones dropped to a whisper, "you'll want red-hot courage, and stiff courage, if you're to help me. To help me to help those I love," uttered Major Chris quietly.

Peter's eyes were shining: his breath came unsteadily.

"I'd give anything," he said in a small voice, "to help you."

"I knew you would. I know you will," was the answer. "And now we've cleared that ground let's get things in order. This hand of mine won't recover for quite a time yet," Major Chris had laughed, but the laugh had a tang to it. "And meanwhile, ally Peter, you're my eyes, ears, and legs."

"To see what? To hear what? To run where?" Peter said ardently.

"One thing at a time. Let's get things in order. You saw that large bird from the moor which came over the house? You called attention to it. Did you notice how it upset them all?"

"Oh, you mean last night?"

"Yes, though I was speaking of the first night it came. But last night as well—you noticed how it worried them?"

"Yes," Peter admitted.

"I knew you had noticed. Well, do you know why it upset them so?"

"No. But ever since I've been wondering," Peter responded.

"It came at dusk."

"Yes," Peter nodded, "at dusk."

"It was a falcon, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Peter said.

Major Chris moved in the chair and leaned over towards him.

"Do you know," he asked, "how the house came by its name?"

"My father told me," said Peter, with a quick breath.

"I suppose he would. Did he tell you the rest?"

"No. I'd no idea there was any 'rest'."

"I wish there weren't," Major Chris uttered, half to himself. "When your father told you the story did he mention that the falcon was the Grevel's favourite?"

"The one that dropped from the skies, interlocked with the crane. Yes."

"The king over-reached the Grevel by treachery, didn't he? That was a treacherous trick that he played!"

"A vile trick," said Peter. "To promise him such a lot while taking care all the time that too much shouldn't come of it! Why, the falcon could have flown a tremendous way before dusk."

"Yes. Before dusk," Major Chris echoed in a queer tone. "Before dusk. That was in the bargain. You've remembered that, Peter. You've got the first half of the story, which no one disputes. In fact, it's almost historical. The next half can only be vouched for up to a point. So we'll call that half The Legend," smiled Major Chris. But his eyes were not smiling. His eyes had grown more troubled, his manner more grave.

"The legend started after the house had been built. Ever since then whenever a Grevel has been threatened by treachery the falcon has passed over the house at dusk. Falcons are birds that fly by day, as you know, Peter. But there is the legend. Whenever a Grevel is threatened by treachery the falcon is seen at dusk flying over the house."

"The legend started after the house had been built. Ever since then whenever a Grevel has been threatened by treachery the falcon has passed over the house at dusk. Falcons are birds that fly by day, as you know, Peter. But there is the legend. Whenever a Grevel is threatened by treachery the falcon is seen at dusk flying over the house."

CHAPTER 18 Groping for Light

PETER did not exclaim at that which the legend portended. He said, after a silence: "Do the family believe in it?"

"The Grevels? Yes. From the earliest times they have believed in this superstition. It has been handed down with the house."

"And has the falcon often been seen?" Peter whispered.

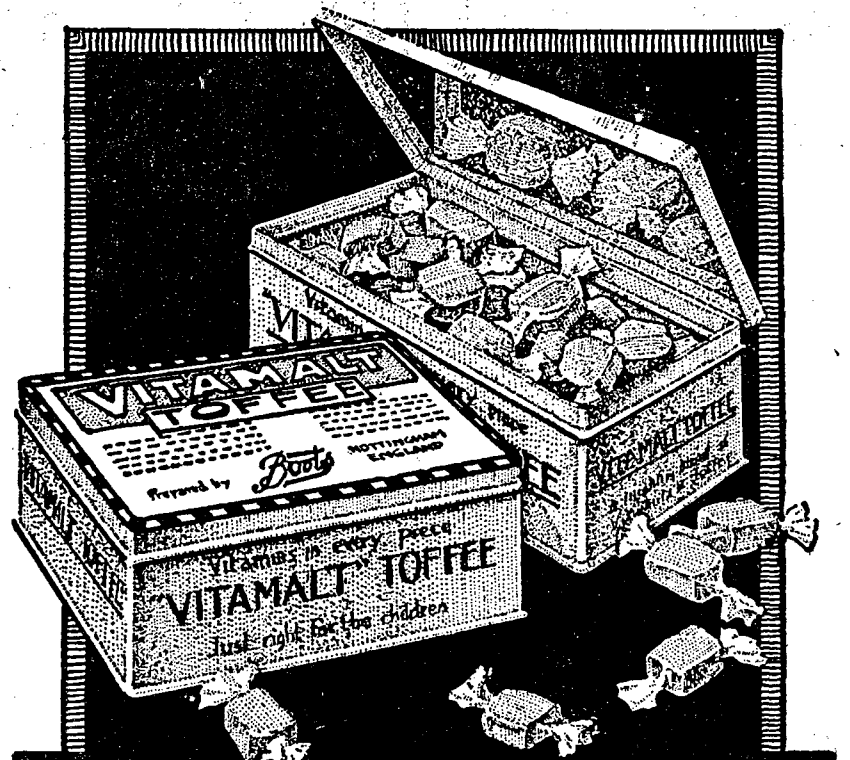
"Yes. At various times in our troubled history. Or so, at least, they tell you," replied Major Chris. "The Grevel who lived here in Henry the Eighth's time was betrayed to Wolsey for some capital offence, and the night before he was betrayed the falcon appeared. It came flying at dusk from the moor. Or so they say, Peter."

"Did its warning come in time?"

Major Chris shook his head. "And the Grevel who was mixed up in one of the plots against Queen Elizabeth, he was warned by the falcon flying at dusk. But he was betrayed to the Queen's men and fell in resisting them. Aye, and again in 1745, Peter, the Grevel rode North from here to join Bonnie Prince Charlie. He

Continued on the next page

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fought at Culloden, but got away with no bones broken, and went into hiding here in one of the priestholes."

"Yes?" Peter prompted, when his companion's voice stopped.

"Remember, Peter, I don't vouch for any of this. But this is what happened—according to family accounts. That Grevel was hidden safely here for five days, and on the sixth day the falcon came flying at dusk. From the moor; it always comes from the moor. Nothing happened. At dusk on the seventh evening the falcon was seen again, hovering over the house. On the following morning arrived the king's troops, and their captain went straight to the priest-hole and dragged the Grevel out. His hiding had been betrayed by a lad on the estate."

"Treachery," Peter uttered under his breath.

"Yes, Peter. The falcon brought the warning of treachery. That is the legend, at any rate," Major Chris finished.

Peter sat thinking. After a long minute's silence, "Has a Grevel ever derided the warning?" he stammered.

"No," Major Chris uttered quietly.

There was another silence. Peter sat motionless, his chin in his hands, his eyes staring into vacancy. It all seemed so unbelievable. Just foolish superstition, the sort of ignorance that he had been taught to hold in the utmost contempt. It was probably all coincidence; if the whole truth were known. Of course there was some explanation. But what?

He blurted out: "Does Colonel Grevel believe in it?"

Major Chris nodded.

"And is that why you frowned at me when I would keep on arguing that the bird was a falcon?"

"Yes. I was wanting them to take it for an eagle. As perhaps they might have done if you hadn't insisted so, Peter."

"Oh, I wish—" began Peter.

"That you hadn't insisted? Never mind now. When the bird flew again last evening they couldn't mistake it. No one could have mistaken it then," sighed the Major.

"But what treachery could be threatening Colonel Grevel?"

Major Chris sighed. "Which does it threaten?" he muttered. "The Colonel? Or Mrs. Grevel? Or their kith and kin?"

Continued in the last column

JACKO HAS A NARROW ESCAPE

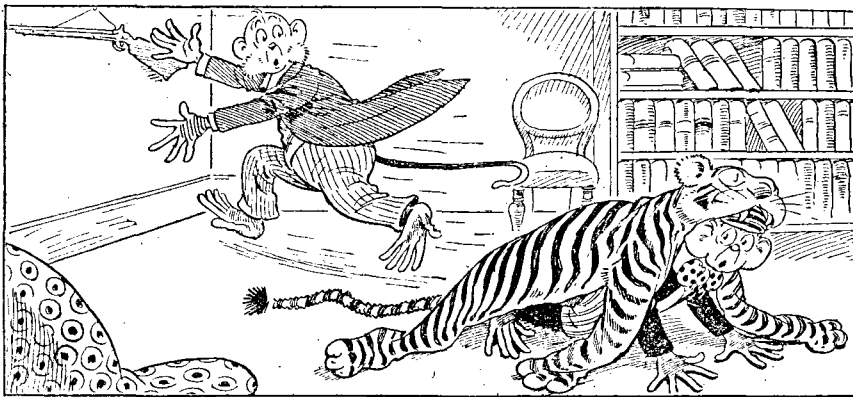
WHEN Jacko heard his mother calling him he tried to creep out of the house as if he hadn't heard. On the step he stumbled against the cat, which made her howl and brought Mother Jacko out to see what the noise was about.

"Oh, there you are!" she said. "Come in, dear; I want you to run an errand for me." And she explained where he was to go.

His way went past their neighbour's garden. As he passed Jacko peered in. Through the open window he could see Colonel Chimp on his couch, fast asleep and snoring soundly.

"Fancy being asleep at this time of the day!" he exclaimed. "Lazy beggar!"

He pushed open the garden gate, ran along the path, and up to the window. After a moment he swung one leg over the window-sill and hopped inside.



The Colonel dashed across the room

What he intended to do next was to utter a piercing yell in the poor Colonel's ear and skip out again as fast as he had skipped in.

But just then, as luck would have it, the snoring suddenly ceased, and the Colonel woke up. Jacko dodged down behind the sofa and waited.

"He'll go off to sleep again directly," thought Jacko.

But he didn't. Jacko knew that, because he was watching, through a long mirror at the other end of the room.

While he watched his eyes fell on a big tiger skin rug. Jacko began to grin. As silent as a mouse he crept forward and wriggled under it.

The next minute there was a shout from the sofa. The Colonel, yelling "Tiger!" at the top of his voice, dashed across the room, and snatched up his gun.

Bang! bang! bang!

"You've killed me!" cried Jacko in a weak voice, as he crawled out, as white as a sheet and trembling with fright.

"It would have served you right if I had!" was all the Colonel answered.

And what is it which threatens? I wish I knew, Peter. And I'd like to know how Odin got hurt as he did?"

"You suspect it wasn't an accident?" Peter breathed quickly.

"I don't forget that Odin is the Colonel's shadow, his bodyguard," said Major Chris, his voice thoughtful. "And I don't forget another thing, Peter, my friend. And that is that swarthy brute who peeped through the window. Where's the connection? Is there any? I don't know."

"But I think I do!" exclaimed Peter. "I don't think Guymer hurt Odin!" And he narrated what had occurred the two previous days between himself and the taciturn under-gardener. "The day before yesterday, you see, he seemed to be trying to warn me of something—"

"But yesterday he refused point blank to remember it! Behaved as if nothing had happened between you and him! And how do you explain that, then?"

"I can't explain it."

"Nor I," said Major Chris gruffly. "Does it help you to trust him? Of course it doesn't, Peter. It's the other way round."

"Then why did the Colonel befriend him?"

"Who knows? I asked Colonel Grevel and he only replied that the fellow was down on his luck. But the Colonel is afraid of something. I can see he's afraid of something. Is he in fear of this Guymer? Who's he afraid of?"

"You haven't asked him?" Peter enquired shyly.

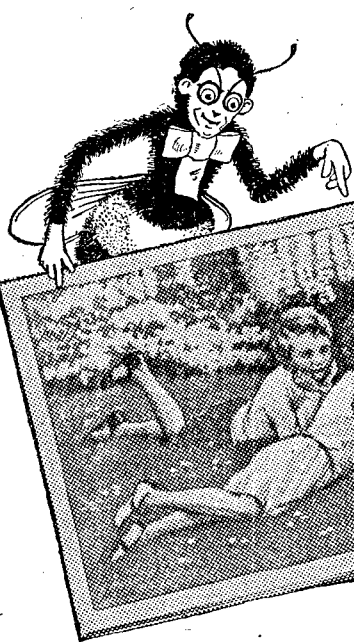
"No," uttered Major Chris; "I can't force his confidence. If the Colonel wished me to know he'd tell me at once. And I can't go behind his back and sound Mrs. Grevel. It isn't done, Peter. We are bound to respect a man's secrets."

"Yes, I see that, Major Chris."

"Of course you do. But one can be on the watch and ward to help him unseen. So here's another thread that we have to unravel: Who is this Mr. Pape who won't leave word of his business? He doesn't live about here. What does he want? You and I have got our work cut out for us, Peter! And the best thing you can do"—Major Chris paused intently—"the best thing you can do is to wheel me back to the house."

His quick ear had caught a footstep descending the path.

TO BE CONTINUED



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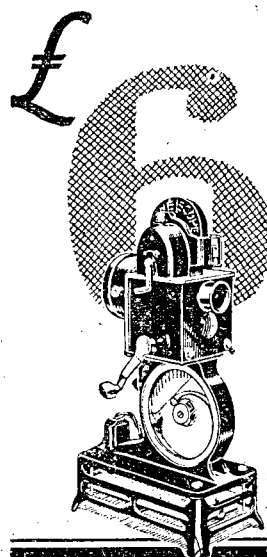
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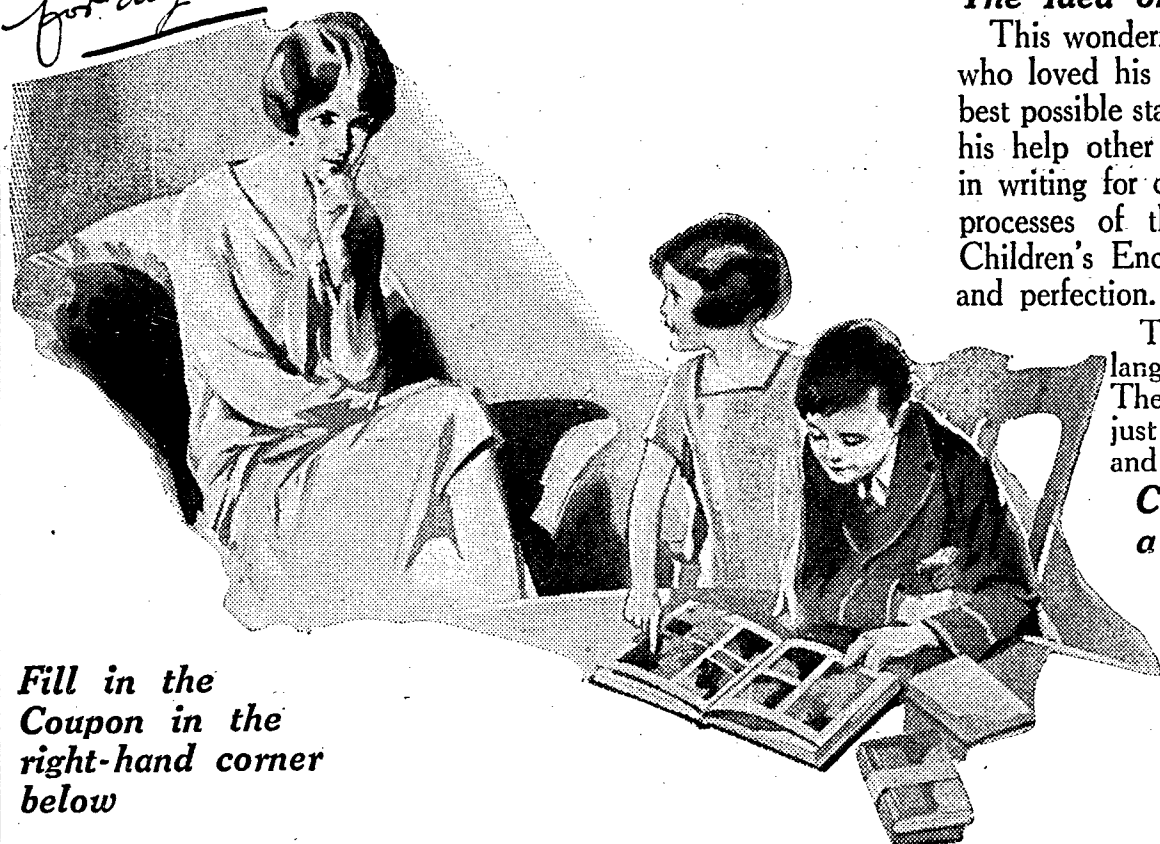
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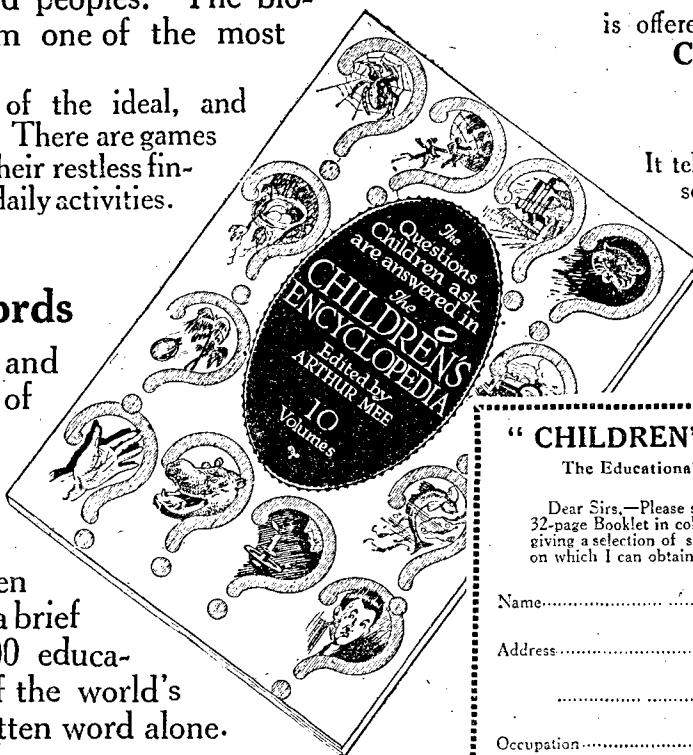
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THE BRAN TUB

Sharing the Apples

Tom, Dick, and Harry shared among themselves 188 apples. For every four that Tom received Dick had three and Harry got three-fifths the number that Tom did. How many apples did each receive?

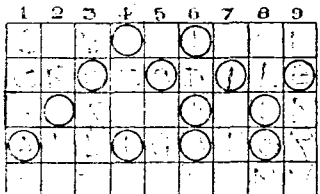
Wild Flower of the Week

Sea Lavender

It is curious what a number of plants that begin flowering earlier in the autumn have their blossoms lingering on till now, and one of these is the common sea lavender, which is still found in flower on some of our muddy coasts. The forked flower stem, which is leafless, is six inches or more high, and the numerous blue-lilac blossoms are in short, rather loose spikes. The leaves, also on long stalks, are oblong and pointed.



The Animal's Cage



In each square put a consonant and in each circle a vowel. When this is done correctly words are made in all the upright columns, reading down, and the second and fourth horizontal lines make the names of two ferocious reptiles. Definitions of the words in the upright columns are as follows: 1 A remnant. 2 Tremulous vibration. 3 The Earth. 4 Pungent. 5 Used for lifting coals. 6 Perfect. 7 Cultivated land. 8 Blossom. 9 Fruit.

Answer next week

What Am I?

My first is in many but not in all.
My second is in shout but not in call.
My third is in move but not in shift.
My fourth is in lower but not in lift.
My fifth is in beam but not in ray.
My sixth is in bullfinch but not in jay.
My seventh is in lead but not in gold.
My eighth is in grasp but not in hold.
My whole a time that's dark and drear.
Brings rain and fog to us each year.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Venus is in the South-East. In the evening Saturn is in the South-West and Jupiter and Uranus are in the South-East. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on November 26.



Is Your Name Pawson?

THE name Pawson, like Porson, a corruption of it, means Paul's Son and indicates that an ancestor of the Pawsons or Porsons was the son of a man whose Christian name was Paul.

Ici On Parle Français



Un sac Un singe Un ballon

Qu'y a-t-il dans ce sac à main? Je plains les singes en captivité. Avez-vous jamais été en ballon?

The Words We Speak and How They Came

Pen. The writing on papyrus and parchment was done by means of a reed dipped in ink, but the reed was replaced by a feather, called by the Latins penna, and so we get our word pen (which really means a feather) and the word pencil (or a little feather).

Almost down to the beginning of the nineteenth century the only pens used were feathers, and even today in our Law Courts quill pens or feathers are still used, the end being sharpened into a nib. We write with steel and brass and gold nibs now but we still call them pens, or feathers, and we all carry penknives, but not to make pens with.

Jumbled Verse

BELOW is a well-known verse by Tennyson. The letters of each word have been mixed, but the words remain in their original order. What is the verse?
I meco mrof uhatsn fo teco dan nerh,
I kame a dusned ylast;
nda krsaple uto onang het nefr,
oT keiber nwod teh lyavel.

Answer next week

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE song thrush has begun to sing again. Greenfinches are collecting in flocks. Many shells are being washed up on the beaches by heavy seas. The elm is now completely stripped of its leaves. The hepatica, or garden anemone, is in flower. The sea lavender is found in blossom.

Facts

ONE poppy stem produces more than thirty thousand seeds. A carp lays 350,000 eggs at once. In a favourable breeze an African elephant can detect the presence of a human, being a thousand yards away. A machine for making safety matches cuts 40,000 match sticks a minute.

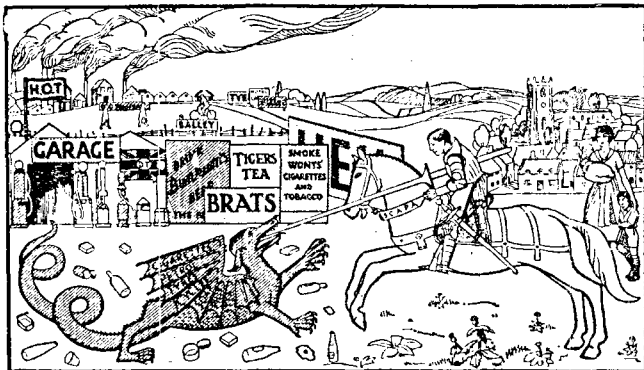
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Hidden Proverb Diagonal Acrostic
Fine feathers Horrible
make fine birds. tYrolese

Buying Books stampede
Travel book, £1 strainer
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6d. Novel, 7s. 6d. delights
The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

IMPRINT OARSMAN
NAA ORANGE A
TAR OR SEMRAM
ELAND ASP EAGLE
RDEEDS RANGEL
EWES EIDER ERSE
SO TRADESMANUS
TENSTILE SYSTEMS

Saint George for Rural Engl-nd



In this excellent postcard issued by the Leicester Save the Countryside Exhibition Saint George is shown attacking the monstrosities which disgrace Rural England and would ruin its beauty unless something is soon done to stop ugly advertising, ugly garages, ugly buildings, and smoky chimneys.

Dr. MERRYMAN

Inquisitive

JACK had not been going to school for long, and he was by no means a keen scholar. After school one day he asked his teacher what he had learned. "What a strange question," she said. "Why do you ask?" "Well," said Jack, "they are sure to ask when I get home."

Shifting the Blame



"I'd like another partner, sir," The Pen remarked one day. "It isn't fair," the Ink replied, "To talk in such a way. What do I do to make you cross?" The Pen responded "Lots! I write a nice clean exercise, Then you butt in with blots!"

Luck

BILLY was superstitious. "Do you really believe that horseshoe over the door brings you luck?" his friend asked. "Decidedly," was the reply. "It hasn't fallen on my head once since I put it there."

Our Jerry Builders

Two men were gazing at a new building that was being erected in a country lane. "What is it to be?" asked one of them. "Well," said the other, "if I can get a tenant for it it is a bungalow; if I can't it's a barn."

Effective Silencer

THE old-iron merchant was pushing his barrow along a narrow lane and was worried by the persistent hooting of a car behind. It was impossible for the car, which was of ancient date, to pass, but still the hooting went on. Finally the old-iron merchant turned round and called out: "All right, I'll call for that tomorrow." Then the hooting ceased.

Correct

THE natural history lesson was in progress. "Jack," said the teacher, "name five animals that live in the North." "Walrus, seal," began Jack, and paused. Then he added, brightly, "And three Polar bears."

WHO WAS HE?

IT is sad to think how many of the British poets whose writings were so good that they will be read for many generations died before they reached middle age.

Shelley was only 30 when he died, Byron was but 36, Robert Burns was 37. It is tantalising to think what these poets might have written if they had lived longer.

The saddest of all is one who died when he was only 25, for he was a man of undoubted genius, and his writing was improving.

He was London born. His father managed some livery stables, but only lived till the boy was eight years old. How-

ever, the family was not badly off, and the lad was educated to be a doctor.

But he was passionately fond of reading, especially poetry, and sought the company of men with similar tastes. Several of these friends were well-known writers, and they soon discovered that the young student was likely to become known.

All who read his poems now know that he was a born poet. He felt it was his work in the world, as John Milton had felt nearly two hundred years before. His love of Nature was intense, and he ministered to it by visits to Hampstead, where some of his friends

THE GREATEST OF YOUNG POETS

lived. Later he lived there too. By the time he was 21 he had enough poems written to make a small book, and they were published, but few copies were sold. Scarcely anyone has written considerable poetry so early as his twenty-first year, and these poems were interesting only as a beginning. But he continued to write verse, and the next year he published another book.

The young poet's health now began to fail and he spent a good deal of his time moving about in the open air to try to build up his strength. And still he went on writing. It was evident now that his ill-health was serious. In

July, 1820, he published his third and last book at the age of 24. But, alas! there was no relief from his failure in health, though he sought it in the milder climate of Italy. He died in Rome and is buried there.

He wrote enough for us to



rank him with the best English poets, and to create the feeling that if he had lived longer he might almost have ranked with the greatest. Here is his portrait. Who was he?

For your throat

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